

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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AN OLD-FASHIONED CAMP-MEETING—AN EXHORTER PRAYING FOR THE FAMILY OF A CONVERT.  
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 23.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 2, 1882.

THE CORNELL-CONKLING  
CONTROVERSY.

IT is the inevitable tendency of political strife to degenerate into personal defamation. "Politics is a trade," we are apt to say in our ignoble view of it, and even those who strive to pursue it on high principles are prone to ignore or excuse the "tricks of the trade" resorted to by its unscrupulous followers. "Politics is a warfare," we argue—and it is easy to apply the specious maxim that "everything is fair in love and war." The feud now raging through the press between the friends of Governor Cornell and those of Mr. Conkling is a striking illustration of this evil tendency. Although the matters which are the subjects of recrimination occurred weeks or months ago, and should have been held up at once for public condemnation, if they deserved it, the war breaks out now just on the eve of the primary elections. The batteries of personal abuse are opened at the precise moment when it is hoped they will prove most effective, and, of course, when opened they are replied to with the same weapons. It is not important to describe in detail the nature of the instruments of destruction employed by the combatants. The strife is between the Governor of the State of New York, seeking popular approval by renomination, and an ex-Senator once all-powerful, seeking to regain an ascendancy recklessly thrown away. Between such combatants the contest, if it must take place, should have been waged in many a fashion and with fair weapons. If it had been, neither would have been disgraced, although one alone could receive the prize. It would have been an honorable contest, and, although cynics might sneer at it as a mere wrestle between "bosses," it would have been in fact a strife between natural political forces, fairly fought out under recognized leaders, and whatever the issue, the political atmosphere would have been cleared, to the advantage of the public health. But, as now waged, the strife is ignoble, and thoughtful men of all shades of opinion, who desire to see the tone of our political contests elevated, look on, as upon a prize-fight, and say with Mercurio, "A plague o' both your houses."

It seems that the ex-Senator, smarting under his alleged wrongs, and eager to be vindicated and clothed with new power to avenge them, was soured by the want of sympathy of his powerful friend the Governor, and disgusted with his sensible view of the practical situation. But nursing his wrath, in the interest of his professional dealings with certain great corporations, he used his influence to secure the favorable exercise of the Governor's official power. He used it without success, and could keep his wrath no longer, but set himself to employ all his political machinery, combined with the power of the baffled corporations, to defeat the aspirations of the Governor for a renomination. The next step was natural, but most unwise. The Governor's friends undertook to expose the true motives of the attack, and went so far as to charge that they were those of the discomfited offerer of a bribe. This was fighting with poisoned weapons, and since it related to matters which the gentlemen concerned alone could know, it was naturally regarded as a stab in the dark. Hence the fight was continued without stint or scruple, and all the "lewd fellows of the baser sort" have joined in the fray, seizing any weapons that happen to come to hand. The result is the painful spectacle of a late Senator of the United States who, by his labors as a statesman for over twenty years, has wielded greater power than any other, charged with the vulgar crime of bribing his friend to prostitute his office; and the Governor of the State of New York, dragged in the mud of Wall Street as a dealer in "blind pools" and a speculator in trust funds.

We do not refer to this subject in order to discuss the merits of the controversy—if it has any merits—or to adjust the measure of blame if it is, as we deem it, wholly blameworthy and disgraceful, as a mode of political contention, but only to point the moral that politics at this end of the nineteenth century and in this republic ought to be a science and an honorable strife for the public good, and not a trade for the trickster or a prize-fight where even the rules of the ring are disregarded.

Mr. Conkling should have been taught, by the result of his struggle in the Legislature, that the Governor's counsels were those of a wise friend. Mr. Cornell should have been too pure-minded and too generous to mistake the undue zeal of the advocate for an insidious effort to corrupt him. And Mr. Conkling, after his long and successful career, should be too manly a foe to permit his followers to use weapons against

his old friend, which, in his official position, he cannot hurl back, and by which he must cruelly suffer if they do not fall harmless at his feet.

There is nothing in Mr. Conkling's public life to make it credible that he sought to bribe Governor Cornell. As to the effort of any lawyer to secure the support of a Governor or legislative committee for an object of vital interest to the capitalists who employ him, it is easy to pervert the advocate into a tempter. And so, on the other hand, it is a ready resort for great corporations, folled in their schemes by an Executive who seeks only public good, to open upon him the hounds of calumny in full cry, and to seize upon financial operations innocent in themselves, and incident to any position of influence, as proofs of personal corruption, and to strike at the critical and concerted moment blows which cannot be parried, and which must be fatal, however unfair.

This is not honest or manly political strife, and it ought not to be encouraged by the spectators. Bull-fights are yet popular in Spain; the prize-ring is not wholly abolished here, and unfortunately the public taste for these brutal diversions of the political arena is far from being eradicated. But it is not so depraved as in the days of Jackson's Kitchen Cabinet, and we may hope that the effect of this Conkling-Cornell-Gould political prize-fight on the minds of the thinking public will ultimately be to raise the standard of political morals, and to teach statesmen, if not bar-room politicians, that the most successful as well as the manliest way is to fight with fair weapons.

OUR FUTURE CURRENCY.

HOW to secure the notes of the national banks after the public debt has been extinguished, is a question which is now being discussed by economists. It is obviously a matter of the deepest moment industrially, politically and socially. The question derives its more immediate significance from the almost startling rapidity with which the national debt is being reduced and the advancing premium on Government bonds. In three years the debt has decreased no less than \$340,000,000, the average reduction being thus over one hundred millions a year; and since 1866 the diminution is something over \$868,000,000, the total debt then standing at about \$2,773,236,173, while now it is just only \$1,905,225,546, on \$1,452,661,500 of which interest is paid. When we consider that France owes \$3,829,982,000, England \$3,766,671,000, Russia \$3,318,953,000, Spain \$2,579,245,000, and Italy about \$2,540,313,000, our debt seems relatively small, but it seems equally clear that the people expect the liquidation to proceed until it is finally extinguished—the idea of a national debt being a national blessing meeting with little favor in this country—and this being the case, measures must be provided for keeping the future value of our currency up to the high standard to which the people have now become accustomed. Several plans have been suggested looking to this end. First, it is argued that the currency issues should in future not be based on what the country owes, but on what it owns; that the natural wealth of the country should be made the basis of a currency system, having nothing in common with greenback theories or "fiat" money, but so adjusted to the country's needs, and in such consonance with the natural laws of trade, that it shall lose none of its present stability or various other advantages. This sounds plausible, but it is, nevertheless, somewhat vague, and will have to be formulated with more distinctness and intelligibility before it will attract much attention. As to the enormous aggregate wealth of this country the statistics afford some striking illustrations. In 1800, for instance, with a population of 5,300,000, the national wealth was \$1,110,000,000, or \$210 per capita; now, with the population increased tenfold, the sum has risen to such almost fabulous figures as \$49,800,000,000, or \$990 per capita. And while this is a lower rate per capita than exists in Great Britain and France, it is conceded by an English statistician that, though forty years ago the wealth of Great Britain was five times that of the United States, this country is now really richer than either of the two nations mentioned.

Another solution of the problem under consideration that has been suggested is to make the liability of bank shareholders unlimited in the matter of circulating notes as is done in Scotland, where the system is said to work exceedingly well, conducing to watchfulness and care on the part of stockholders as to the loans, discounts and other investments of the bank, and thus insuring not only their own safety, but that of the general public. It is also recommended by some theorists that another feature of the Scotch system be adopted—that of making the note-holders preferred creditors of the bank. This system cannot be adopted without the consent of the banks, and those who advocate it urge bankers to voluntarily accept it as the best means of

preserving intact the solvency of our paper issues, and at the same time agree to receive these notes at par everywhere. They also aver that it is not necessary to base the currency on bonds; that while Great Britain's system of note issues has some points of resemblance to ours, no other nation has one anything like it, and that nevertheless their notes are quite as well protected as ours. This suggestion at least merits attention, and, like any other plan not absurd on its face, should be carefully considered.

But whatever plan is adopted, we want nothing like a return to the old State bank currency; we want something entirely satisfactory and so thoroughly safe and certain that the circulating notes shall be received everywhere throughout the Union without question and at par. This is the great desideratum, and to it must conform all the financial laws and prophets.

OUR CONSULAR SERVICE.

THE regular monthly publication, by the Department of State, of the reports of our consular representatives abroad has come to be regarded as a genuine service to the industries of the country. We now have, in round numbers, six hundred consuls or commercial agents, located in all the leading ports and commercial and manufacturing centres of the globe. Formerly their reports were, as a rule, irregular and infrequent, and whatever of value these documents possessed was lost to the country, from the fact that they were buried in a mass in the archives of the department to which they were consigned. In July, 1880, a circular was issued, under instructions from the then Secretary of State, William M. Evarts, to all consuls-general, consuls and commercial and consular agents, calling for "reports upon all subjects which may be calculated to advance the commercial and industrial interests of the United States." While many of the reports now received are crude and poorly written, a majority of them, bearing on our commercial relations, contain facts and figures that are of direct value. The monthly publication of these reports, and their distribution to the press, as well as to such persons as are directly interested, makes the information and suggestions they contain immediately available. The public circulation of these reports, too, has given our representatives an ambition to make a good showing for themselves, and in doing this they have in a remarkable degree added to the value of our foreign service.

In the publication for the current month, just issued, filling one hundred and fifty pages, exclusive of a carefully prepared index, both of titles of papers and of topics covered, are thirty-nine reports, covering a large range of subjects, many being of general interest, while not one of them is without value to some specific industry or department of trade and commerce. A few examples of titles simply will serve to show the scope and suggest the importance of these reports. First comes, "How to Build up American Trade with India," and this is followed by "Transfer of Austrian Industries to the United States," "American Products in the West of England," "Trade Between Canada and the United States," "German Prohibition of American Products," "American Imports into Germany," "Adulteration of American Cotton," "The Decline of Agriculture in Great Britain," "New Iron Mines in Sweden," "The Sponge Trade of the Bahamas," "New Zealand Coal Fields," "Earthquakes in Japan," "The Austro-Hungarian Tariff," and so on through the long list. Perhaps the two topics of the most general interest, however, are the report on "Ostrich Farming in the United States," by Consul Baker, of Buenos Ayres, and that on the "Falsification of French Brandy for the United States," by Consul George Gifford, of La Rochelle, France. The former advocates the introduction of ostrich farming in this country, giving figures to show the large profits which might reasonably be expected; the latter shows that a large proportion of all the French brandy we import is not only an impure article, made to order, but that the effect of this falsified brandy is only less dangerous than that of absinthe. After a study of the single computation of reports under consideration, it will not seem at all extravagant to assume that each monthly issue may result in bringing more money into the country than the entire cost—some \$20,000—of the publication for a year.

QUICKER TIME TO EUROPE.

THE time required for a steamship trip across the Atlantic has for years been steadily diminished until the voyage has more than once been accomplished inside of a week. But this is a progressive age, and even six days and a fraction are a longer time than many busy people feel they can afford to waste. A promising scheme for still further shortening the period required for the passage has been

devised by a corporation recently organized in New York under the name of the Great American and European Short Line Railroad Company. This corporation proposes to carry passengers by rail from New York to the eastern coast of Newfoundland, from which it is only 1,640 miles to the western coast of Ireland, whence a railway line, with steamer across St. George's Channel, will convey them to London. Existing roads are already in operation to Oxford, N. S., and work has been begun on the stretch of seventy miles from that point to New Glasgow, where connection will be made with a road now built to the Strait of Canso. This is to be bridged, and one hundred and twenty miles more of road are to be built on the other side to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, whose fifty-six miles will be crossed by steamer, and then a line three hundred and twenty miles long will be laid across Newfoundland. The projectors of this great enterprise claim that it will reduce the travelling time between New York and London by from two to four days, diminish the dangers of the ocean voyage and make the trip more enjoyable as well as brief. They have gone to work in a way which indicates that they "mean business," and promise to have the new route in operation by 1887.

THE RECENT STRIKES.

THE all but total failure of the various strikes of the present year must have a sobering effect upon the multitude of men engaged in them. The aggregate loss in wages amounts probably to many millions of dollars, and the sufferings of not a few of those out of employment have been heartrending. It is impossible not to feel a strong sympathy with men who work hard every day for wages which merely suffice to keep body and soul together; but sadder than everything else is the fact that they have generally been victimized by unscrupulous men, who organized the strikes to promote their own selfish ends. The country must find some just and fair way of avoiding such wasteful conflicts between capital and labor. It is undoubtedly a difficult problem, and one which legislation probably cannot solve; but it ought at least to be possible to provide efficient guards against the oppression of workingmen on the one hand and conspiracies against employers on the other.

PUNISHING CRIME IN IRELAND.

THE Commission Court established under the Irish Crimes Act is performing its work with a fearlessness and impartiality which are full of promise for the future of that distracted country. Whereas formerly it was found impossible to convict the most flagrant offenders, this court is disposing of the criminals brought before it according to the demands of justice and the sworn testimony in each case, wholly indifferent to the clamor and menaces of the dangerous classes. In one case of peculiar atrocity, in which the caretaker of an estate had been killed, the murderer was promptly convicted, while four men found guilty of committing outrages have been sentenced—one to fifteen years' penal servitude; and the other three, to ten years each. Three others, convicted of savage assault have been sentenced to twenty, fifteen and ten years' servitude respectively, and another man has received a life sentence for firing at soldiers. This decisive action of the court is restoring public confidence, and this feeling is greatly strengthened by a recent speech of Chief Secretary Trevelyan, in which he said: "The fixed policy of the Government is to distinguish between criminal and political acts. They did not care to concern themselves with political meetings, but against outrages they were determined to wage undying and unrelenting war." This announcement, that hereafter there is to be a wise discrimination between criminal and political offenses, has made a decided impression in Dublin and elsewhere; and if the Coercion Act shall be enforced in this spirit, there can be no doubt at all that the misunderstanding and prejudice which have led to so much trouble in the past will ultimately to a large extent disappear, and the maintenance of law will no longer require the interposition of the armed hand.

A NATIONAL LABOR BUREAU.

THE Castle Garden authorities report that while the immigration at this port for the past six months is nearly a hundred thousand in excess of that for the same period in 1881, the statistics of the Labor Bureau show a decrease in the number of persons who have applied for employment. This is accounted for by the fact that a larger number of immigrants now come here with fixed points of destination, and go directly to their new homes instead of tarrying in the city. Of the 21,060 who were supplied with employment during the six months ending July 1st, 16,585 were men, 2,767 being skilled workers, and there remained farm-hands and common laborers. The demand for farm-hands has been greatly in excess of the supply, Swedes and Hollanders being preferred. There has also been a large demand for miners in Pennsylvania, Virginia and North Carolina, but this the Labor Bureau has not been able to meet. A good many families have been sent to New Jersey, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut to work in silk, cotton and woolen mills, and a large number of raw hands have also been engaged as ap-



prentices. The Bureau is performing an important work in enabling immigrants to find employment promptly upon their arrival, but the system is by no means as thoroughly organized, or as fruitful of good results, as it should be. It ought to be so comprehensive and far-reaching that employers in every corner of the land desiring laborers, skilled or otherwise, could be supplied on demand. To this end, the Bureau should have intelligent representatives in every country which contributes to the tide of emigration, whose business it should be to diffuse information as to the state of the labor market here, the sort of labor most in demand, the cost of living, scales of wages, etc., and generally to give counsel and assistance to all intending emigrants, especially in the matter of their location in the land to which they come. Conducted upon some such basis as this, a National Labor Bureau would prove of immense service to the country and to every individual availing himself of its aid.

#### ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE situation in Egypt has taken on a new phase with the active operations which Sir Garnet Wolseley instituted within a day or two after his arrival on the scene. The most important of his movements, which are described at more length elsewhere, consisted in his seizure of the Suez Canal, the British naval forces occupying Port Said and Ismailia, the important northern and central points on the waterway, August 20th. At the same time an English force pushed north from Suez, at the southern end of the canal, and drove the enemy before them. M. de Lesseps stormed and blustered over these aggressive movements until the French Government felt constrained to request him to employ circumspection, and the French papers generally denounced England's course in occupying the Canal, but none of the great Powers entered any protest. General Wolseley proceeded to mass his forces at Ismailia and prepare for an advance on Cairo, the rise of the Nile showing the necessity of prompt action. On August 24th he began the advance towards Zagazig, and had repeated engagements with the enemy at points a few miles west of Ismailia, in which the English gained the advantage, although at first largely outnumbered. The English have captured Damiatta, at the mouth of the east branch of the Nile. Little is definitely known of Arabi's movements or plans, but there are constant despatches from his ranks, and satisfactory evidence that demoralization is spreading in his army. The falling-off in his prospects is reflected in a change of tone at Constantinople, and the Porte again seems inclined to sign the military convention with England, in a modified form, to which the latter consents, while a prohibition against the export of mules from Turkish dominions for use in the English army has been revoked.

The Irish question again divides public attention in England with the Egyptian troubles. The case of Mr. Gray, the Dublin editor, who was sent to prison for charging a jury, which had convicted a murderer, with having been drunk, and with having been packed by the Government, has aroused general interest. The apparent regret of the Government at the hasty action of the Court led to a belief that he would soon be released; but Lord Spencer, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in whose hands the matter was left, finally decided not to interfere. His decision was announced in reply to a deputation of the Corporation of Dublin, headed by the Lord Mayor, who complained that Mr. Gray's sentence was arbitrary and excessive, and who asked that a searching inquiry be made on oath as to the conduct of the jury in question, and the alleged abuses in regard to empanelling it. Lord Spencer said he was satisfied that no juror had been set aside on the ground of religion, and that the sole desire of the law officers was to obtain a fair and impartial jury. A conference of the Celtic confederation has been held at Dublin, which resolved to found an association that would extend to the different classes in Ireland those efforts which hitherto have proved so fruitful in the direction of land reform. The Pope has sent a letter to the Irish bishops, expressing regret that tranquillity has not been restored, and urging the priests to be active supporters of public order.

Iceland, which has been prospering almost without interruption since it received its liberal Constitution in 1874, is now suffering from a terrible famine. The winter of 1880-81 was the worst on record, and was followed by a cold summer and short crops, while last winter was about as severe, and has also been followed by a cold summer, the Greenland drift ice keeping the northern harbors closed until July and causing a temperature which blighted the hay harvest through half the country. Famine already prevails in a considerable portion of the island, and the short crops everywhere will bring the remainder to the verge of starvation. Appeals for help are made to this country as well as to Europe, and prompt action is necessary.

An extraordinary story comes from Hungary. More than one hundred women are on trial at Gross Beckerek charged with poisoning their husbands, and the guilt of thirty five has been proved. Disturbances have broken out in the Montenegrin districts of Kolaschin and Piva. The leader in the movement is a Montenegrin, who was formerly a captain on the Russian staff. The election for a seat in the House of Commons for Haddington Burghs, to fill a vacancy, resulted in the success of Mr. Sellar, the Liberal candidate, by a vote of 833 to 544. The smallpox is spreading alarmingly at Cape Town, South Africa.

It is gratifying to observe the growing interest in Education throughout the South. An illustration of this tendency is afforded by the increasing popularity of "Summer in-

stitutes" for teachers. The first of these was held in South Carolina only three years ago, at the expense of the Peabody fund, but its good effects were so strikingly apparent that the Legislature has since appropriated money enough to defray the cost of two institutes a year, one for white and the other for colored teachers, while other Southern States have already followed this example, no less than eighteen such assemblies being held in Texas this season. The institutes cover from two to six weeks, and are under the charge of experienced educators, who provide lectures and other means of training, and their influence in elevating the standard among teachers is already very marked.

The negro exodus from the South, which made such a sensation two or three years ago, is recalled to public attention by a stirring appeal from Kansas for help for the refugees. It appears that the exodus swept nearly 60,000 negroes into that State, almost all of whom arrived in a penniless condition, to confront a rigorous climate and habits of life to which they were unaccustomed. About 5,000 have seen the folly of their course and returned to their old homes, while of the remaining 55,000 about one fifth are in various stages of destitution, and not a few literally starving. The people of Kansas have contributed liberally to their relief, but they find the burden of supporting the refugees during the approaching winter greater than they can bear unaided. The Kansas Freedmen's Relief Association has therefore issued an appeal to the benevolence of the nation, and as \$100,000 is needed to place the starving people in a condition to support themselves, there should be a generous response.

The most important subject discussed at the recent Liverpool meeting of the Association for the Reform and Codification of the Laws of Nations was the conflict of marriage laws in different countries. The only proper rule is that a marriage valid in one country should be held valid in all others; but this sound principle is not universally accepted, and many an Englishwoman married in her own country to a Frenchman has found that she was not held a legal wife after crossing the Channel. The Association adopted a resolution appointing a special committee to urge upon the Government of Great Britain the necessity of negotiating treaties with foreign countries, especially France, regulating the necessary conditions of a valid marriage between citizens of different nationalities. It would be a great boon if a uniform marriage law could be adopted throughout the world, but as that is impracticable, the ratification of such treaties as are proposed by the Liverpool conference is the best thing which can be done.

Public sentiment in the South is not yet educated up to the point of holding the man who kills another in a duel a murderer. A noteworthy case has recently occurred in Lunenburg, Va., which illustrates the dominance of the old traditions about the code. An attractive young woman of the neighborhood had received attentions from two young men, Garland and Addison by name. Hearing a rumor that Garland had been boasting of flirting with her, she wrote him an insulting letter and handed it over to Addison, who indorsed it and sent it on with a note making himself responsible for its contents. A "meeting" followed, the two men fired at each other till their ammunition was exhausted, and Addison soon died from his wounds. It was a cold-blooded murder, and the Grand Jury did their duty in indicting Garland, but the trial proved little better than a farce, and the jury promptly acquitted him amid the cheers of the spectators. It may be a long time, but the day will come when Southern people will look back with shame upon such verdicts as this.

The beauty of Niagara will soon be a thing of the past unless public sentiment is speedily aroused to the necessity of prompt action in opposition to speculative plans. The long-mooted schemes for utilizing the great water-power for mills and factories are at last taking shape, and it is actually proposed to strip Goat Island of its trees and erect on that charming spot a manufacturing establishment. It would be possible to get the benefit of the water-power without injury to the scenery about the Falls, but it would cost more, and the prosaic owners of the property will not be deterred much longer by considerations of sentiment. It would be a crying shame to the American name if this desecration should be allowed, and generations yet unborn would have just cause for complaint against the ancestry who permitted it. The emergency is one which calls for action by the State, or even the nation, and there ought to be enough public spirited men to organize and carry through a movement for the preservation of the great waterfall and its surroundings in all their original grandeur.

With the advent of Autumn the life-saving service resumes operations. Most of the stations are opened on the 1st of September, but the action of Congress in appropriating \$20,000 less than the estimates necessitated either a reduction of wages or a delay in opening some of the stations. Superintendent Kimball decided that the latter course was the wiser, and accordingly the stations along the least dangerous coasts will remain closed until the 15th of the month. No branch of the public service is more wisely managed than this, and Mr. Kimball's letter of instructions to the superintendents of the various districts regarding the selection of surfmen is a model document. Its vital principle is the requirement that "no consideration whatever other than personal worth and professional capacity shall have weight in the employment or re-

tention of the men," and this true civil service doctrine is not only preached but practiced. A Congress which could throw away millions on needless public buildings and useless river and harbor improvements had no excuse for scrimping the appropriations for the beneficent work of the life-saving service.

The Republican Congressional Committee is still passing round the hat among the Washington clerks for contributions to the party campaign fund. Recently the importunities of the Committee have taken the most offensive shape, and many of the Department employees who for a time declined to respond to its appeals have made haste to pay over considerable assessments rather than lose their places. The persons who engineer this scheme of extortion seem to be utterly indifferent to the demand of public opinion that it shall be abandoned, and neither the President nor his Cabinet seem to have any feeling at all as to the scandal which is thus brought upon their party and the country. Possibly they imagine that the public feeling in the matter will "blow over"; but, if this is their expectation, they are doomed to a bitter disappointment. The people are thoroughly in earnest in demanding a reform of the civil service, and they will take care that the party which has made itself responsible for this outrageous system of political pillage is pilloried, as it deserves to be, in the coming Congressional elections.

The meeting of the American Forestry Congress in Montreal last week developed the encouraging fact that public-spirited citizens of Canada, as well as of this country, are awaking to the necessity of prompt and vigorous action for the preservation of our forest wealth. The wholesale destruction which is now going on is due in part to greed and in part to ignorance, and the only hope of arresting the work consists in enlightening and arousing the public mind. The Montreal meeting cannot fail to deepen the impression made by the Cincinnati Congress a few months ago, and thus help on a good work. An interesting thing brought out at this gathering, which will be news to many New Yorkers, is the fact that the American Museum of Natural History in this city, through the liberality of Mr. Morris K. Jesup, is making a complete collection of specimens of all the four hundred and twenty varieties of trees which grow within the limits of the United States. Over three hundred and seventy-five of these have already been received, and the specimens, carefully mounted and accompanied by drawings of the leaves, flowers and fruit of every variety, will form a most interesting and valuable field for study.

The most remarkable proof of the strength of the present temperance movement is afforded by the action of the Western Distillers' Association at its recent meeting in Chicago. Hitherto the manufacturers as well as the dealers in liquor have inclined to fight the temperance men at every point, and to advocate the greatest license in regard to the traffic. The wiser distillers and brewers, however, begin to appreciate the fact that in an out and out fight between regulation of the liquor business on the one hand and unbridled license and disregard of law on the other, the friends of order are bound to win. They have, therefore, concluded to moderate their demands, and the association actually adopted resolutions recognizing the fact that the American people mean to preserve an orderly Sabbath, and declaring themselves in favor of enforcing the laws forbidding labor on that day, and of asking no special privilege for their own business as well as favoring a well digested license law, with the price placed at such a point as will yield a large revenue, reduce the number of drinking places, while elevating and making more respectable this branch of the business. The temperance people will generally be startled by this new departure of their foes but it is the greatest tribute which has ever been paid the growing strength of their cause.

The Jersey City freight handlers, who held out for nearly two months for an advance of wages last week abandoned their struggle and sued in abject and humiliating terms for a restoration to the favor of the corporations they had so bitterly denounced. In the resolutions adopted at their final meeting they acknowledge their "mistake," renounce the union of which they had been members, and ask that the railroad authorities will "be pleased to overlook their misbehavior and be kind enough to give them another chance to support themselves and their families, promising to be true and faithful employees," etc. A great deal of allowance must, of course, be made for the influence of hunger and want in breaking down human pride and eating away the fibre of the sturdiest resolution; but we do not remember any case in which American workmen, even in the direst extremities, have so abjectly groveled in the dust as in this particular instance. These strikers, if dissatisfied with the wages they were receiving had a perfect right to demand an increase. If their employers refused the demand, they had the option of holding out or of capitulating. So long as they kept within the law they committed no offense, and owed no man or corporation any apology. If they finally felt compelled to abandon their contest, it was their privilege to do so frankly and squarely, and, doing so, no one would have thought any the less of them or their cause. But to lie down in the dirt piteously entreating the forgiveness of offenses never committed, was an act of self-degradation which only awakens contempt and alienates that earnest public sympathy which they had enjoyed all through their struggle, and to which they may again, some day, be compelled by corporation injustice to make appeal.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

##### Domestic.

The Massachusetts Democratic State Convention will be held in Boston September 19th.

An explosion in the Erie Railway elevator at Buffalo, N. Y., last week, killed the engineer and three other persons.

The Texas Republicans have resolved to support Hon. G. W. Jones, the Independent candidate, for Governor of the State.

The Utah Commissioners have promulgated rules for the registration of the voters and the procedure of the November elections.

The Post Office Department reports that the balance-sheets for the year ending June 30th show a surplus of nearly a million dollars.

DESTRUCTIVE floods occurred in Arizona and Texas last week, and railroad travel in the former Territory was suspended for some days.

STEPS are being taken for a re-survey of Long Island Sound. The work is to be carried out under the authority of a recent Act of Congress.

New differential rates have been agreed upon by the railroad companies running between New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Boston and Albany.

EX-GOVERNOR SPAUGH has placed a number of armed men on the grounds of Canochet, R. I., to guard against the purchaser obtaining possession of the property.

The election for Governor of the Chickasaw Indians in the Indian Territory has resulted in the reelection of Overton, who is vigorously opposed to railroad schemes.

The annual congress of the American Association of Science was held at Montreal last week, with a large attendance of delegates from all parts of the United States and Canada.

At San Francisco Justice Field has ordered the discharge of a Chinese sailor who had been detained on board a steamship owing to his not having a certificate permitting him to land.

APPLICATIONS for the new three per cents. are still coming in, many of them from Europe, and now amount, it is estimated, to \$250,000,000, with the prospect of reaching \$300,000,000.

TWELVE thousand persons attended the closing services of the camp-meeting at Ocean Grove, N. J., on August 24th. Two hundred clergymen were on the platform and two hundred converts knelt at the altar.

ABOUT one hundred German-Americans held a convention at Chicago last week, and organized a German-American Temperance Association, which proposes to found branch societies throughout the country.

The Tariff Commission has commenced its travels. It has had sittings in Boston, Rochester and elsewhere, and will visit several Western cities for the purpose of hearing the representatives of special industries.

GENERAL MARTIN D. HARDIN (retired), who lost an arm at the second battle of Bull Run, has been appointed Governor of the Soldiers' Home at Washington, relieving Colonel S. D. Sturgis, who joins his regiment in Dakota.

The Wesleyan Female College at Cincinnati was sold by the sheriff, last week, to satisfy a debt, the trustees bidding it in for \$78,133, or about two-thirds of its appraised value. Over \$60,000 has been raised to liquidate its debt, and it will be reopened.

HANNIBAL C. CARTER (colored), ex-Secretary of State, has entered the field as a straight-out Republican candidate for Congress from the Second Mississippi District, as against Chalmers, who is running as an Independent and claiming Republican support.

HENRY J. HALL, paying teller of the Rhode Island Hospital Trust Company, at Providence, R. I., has confessed that he is a defaulter to the amount of \$21,100. The stealing has gone on ever since 1875, and the money has been spent in extravagant living.

At the annual meeting of the New York State Free Thinkers' Convention at Watkins, last week, a committee was appointed to consider the matter of the establishment of a Liberal University somewhere in the United States. The committee is to report at the next annual meeting.

The yellow fever continues to rage at Brownsville, Tex., from fifty to sixty new cases being reported every day. The disease also continues its ravages in Matamoros, Mexico, as many as eleven deaths having occurred in a day. The fever is also reported at Point Isabel, twenty-two miles from Brownsville.

The Kansas Greenbackers have nominated Charles Robinson, the first Governor of the State, as their candidate for that office. The Democrats of Michigan have formed an alliance with the Greenbackers, by giving them the head of the State ticket and other important offices. The candidate for Governor is Josiah W. Begole.

DESPITE the Governor's proclamation, announcing the prohibitory amendment part of the Constitution, the saloon-keepers of Iowa openly carry on their business, and the prohibitionists doubt whether they can prosecute successfully, since the Legislature failed to enact a penalty. A test case last week resulted in a complete victory for the saloon keepers.

The total number of acres of public lands disposed of during the fiscal year ending June 30th was 15,699,848, an increase over last year of about 5,000,000 acres, and the cash received for this land \$8,361,091, as against about \$5,000,000 during the last fiscal year. The great increase is owing to the immense immigration to the Northwest.

A NATIONAL Prohibitory Convention, held at Chicago, last week, organized a new party, to be called the "Prohibition Home Protective Party." The platform, among other things, declares in favor of woman suffrage, the abolition of polygamy, and the prohibition, as public crimes, of the importation, exportation, manufacture, sale and supply and taxation of all alcoholic beverages.

##### Foreign.

A COMMITTEE is being formed in London to arrange for the placing of a bust of the poet Longfellow in Westminster Abbey.

UNITED STATES MINISTER HUNT last week presented his credentials to the Czar of Russia, who gave him a cordial reception.

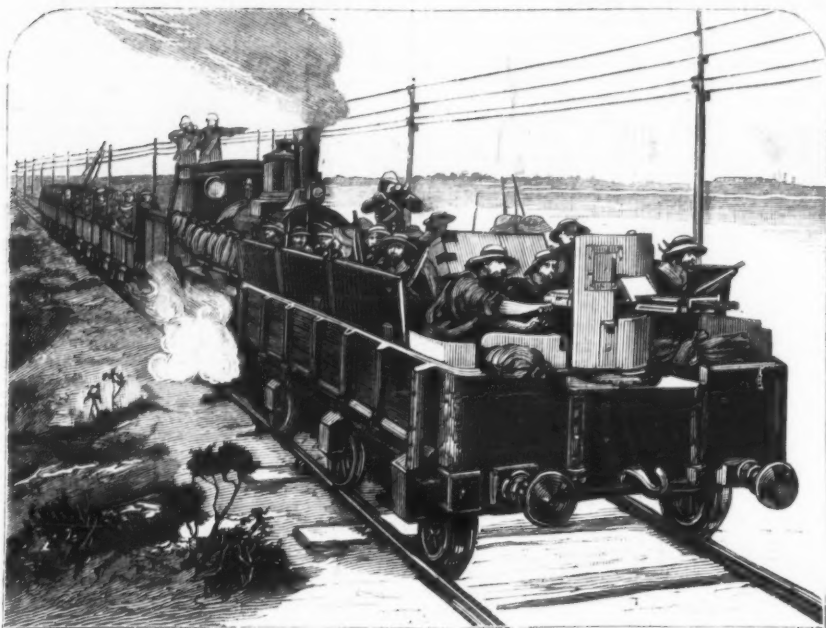
A TERRIBLE epidemic of the nature of red thrush is raging at Malmo, Sweden. During the past week, out of 617 cases, 45 resulted fatally.

FRESH outrages against the Jews are reported from the interior of Poland, the assassins being encouraged in their attacks by the apathy of the officials.

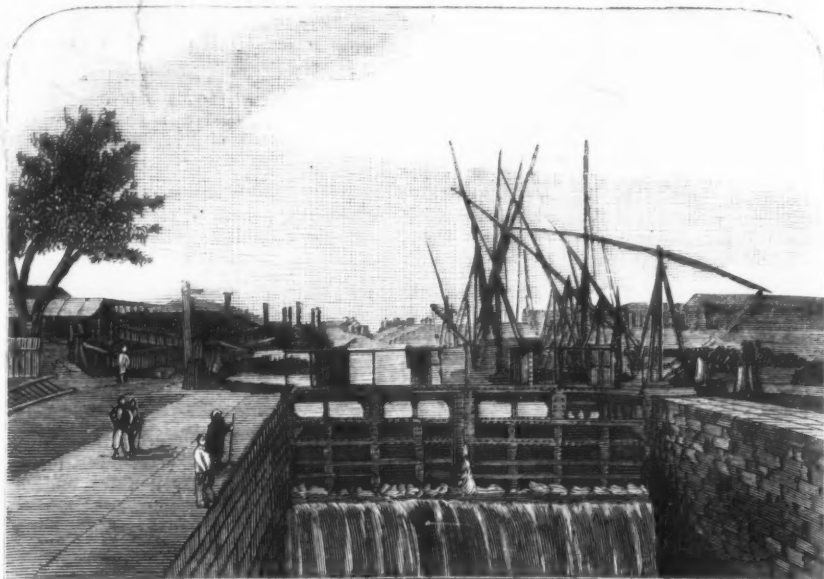
CAPTAIN BERRY, of the *Ratona*, and Chief Engineer Melville, of the *Jeannette*, and party, left St. Petersburg for London last week en route for New York. They were the recipients in St. Petersburg of many official courtesies, being admitted to an audience with the Emperor and Empress at the Peterhoff Palace.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 23.



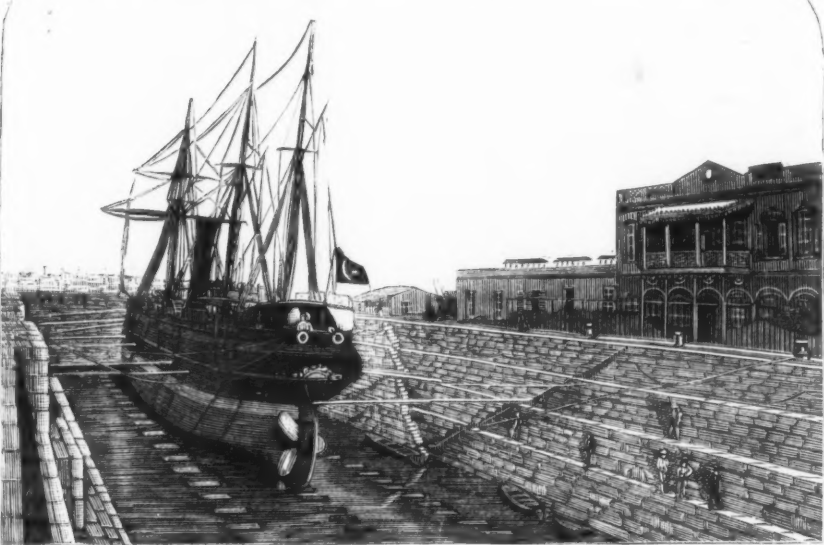
THE WAR IN EGYPT.—AN ARMORED TRAIN, WITH NORDENFELDT GUN IN FRONT.



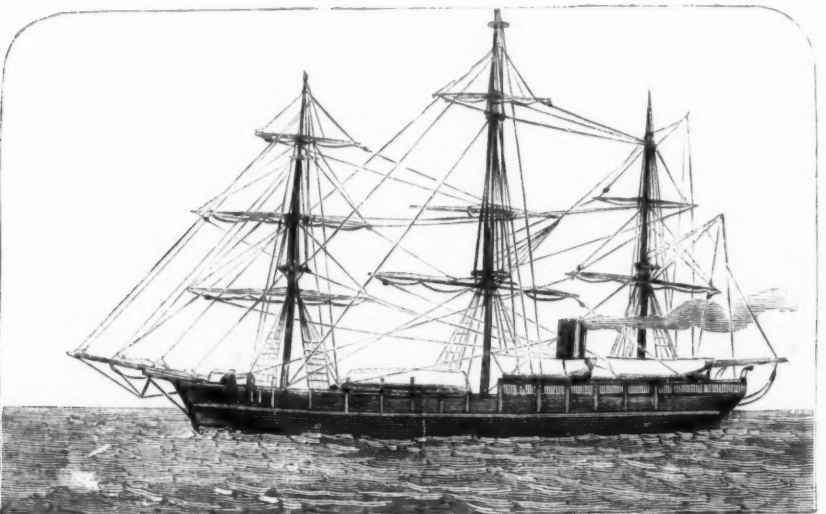
THE WAR IN EGYPT.—LOOK IN THE SWEET WATER CANAL, NEAR THE RAILWAY STATION, ISMAILIA.



SOUTH AUSTRALIA.—THE NEW GOVERNMENT OFFICES AT ADELAIDE.



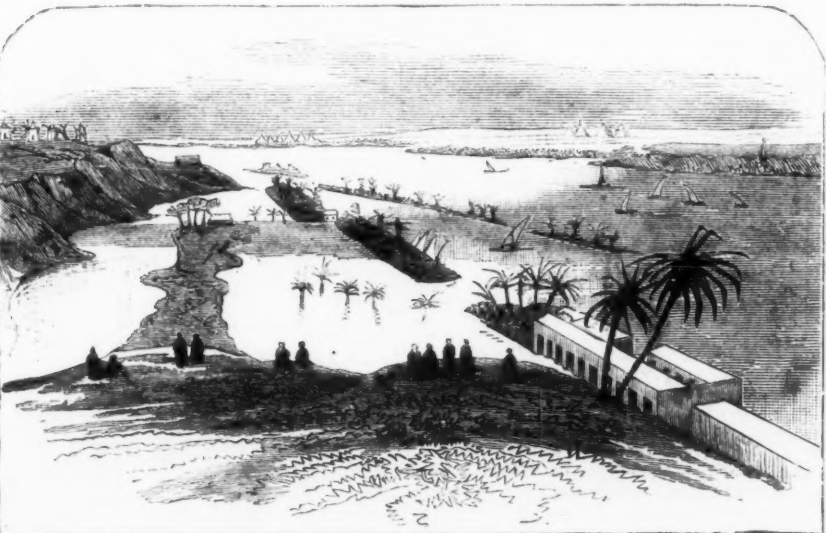
THE WAR IN EGYPT.—DRY-DOCK CONSTRUCTED BY THE EGYPTIAN GOVERNMENT AT SUEZ.



GREAT BRITAIN.—RESCUE OF THE "EIRA" ARCTIC EXPEDITION.  
THE STEAMER "HOPE."



THE WAR IN EGYPT.—KITCHEN OF THE ROYAL MARINES AMID THE RUINS OF ALEXANDRIA.



EGYPT.—AN INUNDATION OF THE RIVER NILE.



THE WAR IN EGYPT.—TRYING ARABS IN A POLICE COURT IN ALEXANDRIA.





NEW YORK.—ACCIDENT IN THE HUDSON RIVER TUNNEL—WORKMEN MAKING THEIR ESCAPE BY MEANS OF THE AIR-LOCK.—SEE PAGE 23.



1. Aboukir Bay. 2. Rosetta Railway. 3, 3, 3. Arabi Pasha's Position. 4. Canal Pumping Station. 5. Route to Cairo. 6. Waterworks. 7. Naval Brigade. 8. Railway Embankment.  
THE WAR IN EGYPT.—VIEW OF ARABI PASHA'S POSITION, ON THE MAHMOUDIEH CANAL, NEAR KAHR DOWAR, FROM THE BRITISH LINES AT RAMLEH.—SEE PAGE 23.



## YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

Ah, yesterday,  
How very far away!  
The dark dividing line  
Lies broad, distinct, malign,  
Yet past it  
I see the luminous days,  
The flowerful song-glad ways  
Ere storm and gloom and haze  
O'ercast it.

My heart recalls,  
And must until night falls,  
The tremulous tender sound  
That filled the air around,  
Warmth, flowers,  
The dim Arcadian groves,  
Queen Aphrodite's doves—  
All gifts that memory loves  
And dowers.

To-day, alas!  
Heart, will it never pass?  
No more low tones and words  
Sweeter than all God's birds  
And better:  
No touch when pulses thrill  
In bowers that dryads fill!  
Nay, only frosts that chill  
And fetter!

Still would I not  
Exchange this dreary lot,  
Or take back yesterday  
So that my present way  
Was fairer.  
Why? Well, I know but this  
I hold one long-cold kiss  
Than any future bliss  
Far rarer!

JOHN MORAN.

## UNCLE OBADIAH'S OFFER.

"WELL, Maria," said Uncle Obadiah to his widowed sister, pale, fretful-faced Mrs. Harris—"well, I don't see but what you have got something to comfort you, now that Isaac is gone. These three daughters of yours are stout, likely-looking young women."

"Yes," said Mrs. Harris, plaintively, "both Isaac and I took great pains to bring them up to be ladies. Poor things! Now that their pa is gone and we left without a cent—dear me, I don't know what we shall do! Go to the poorhouse, I guess," flourishing a black-bordered handkerchief.

"Oh no, not so bad as that," said her brother, kindly. "Your daughters are strong and well, and I see no reason why they shouldn't help themselves and you."

"You wouldn't have them go out as servants, would you?" Mrs. Harris exclaimed, indignantly.

"I see no disgrace in such work," mildly. Whereupon Mrs. Harris fell to sobbing. "Come now, Maria, don't be foolish, my dear! You very well know that you and

your children will be the heirs of my fortune when I die. But I've worked hard to make that fortune, and I cannot bear to think that after I am gone it should be frittered away. Rather than have that done, I would will it to some charitable institution. Now, if I can see your girls become strong-minded, self-reliant women, I shall be glad to leave it in their hands. Let me see, it is the 1st of May. If you are willing, I will board with you and watch your daughters. The one who pleases me most by her conduct, shall, on the 1st of next October, receive a check for ten thousand dollars."

Mrs. Harris dropped her drooping attitude and sat erect, her eyes sparkling with pleasure at this business-like offer.

"Thank you, Obadiah," she said. "I see you have some feelings for your own flesh and blood, after all! I will tell the girls, and I know they'll do their level best to get the prize. Matilda will get it, I think—she has so much energy! Still, Maude is the genius of the family, and —"

"Well, well, we'll see!" good-naturedly.

Of course there was a great chattering among the girls when their uncle's offer was made known to them.

Matilda, tall and stately, with a Roman nose and florid complexion, at once made known what would be her course of conduct.

"Uncle Obadiah likes to have a woman strong minded and independent, ready at all times to know and speak out her own mind. I think, too, he advocates woman suffrage, and I believe I'll join 'Les Filles de Minerve,' under which imposing title the woman's rights society of Brierville was known."

"Will you put on 'bloomers'?" her sister Maude inquired.

"No, I think not. Perhaps I might though, if we hadn't bought our new mourning."

"Well, I shan't join the society," said Maude, emphatically.

Maude was tall like her sister, but not so fleshy, and had a waxen complexion, light-gray eyes and pale yellow hair.

"I should fail utterly were I to take up that sort of thing. I'd faint if I were obliged to get up and make a speech. I think Uncle Obadiah likes to have a woman modest and retiring. I saw him reading one of my poems the other day, and he looked pleased. It was the one I wrote in your album, Matilda, about 'Friendship is like a Flower.' If I could win a reputation as a poetess I'm sure I'd be proud to give me the money," and Maude meditatively twisted her yellow ringlets.

"Well, well, girls," said their mother, "each must try in her own way. One thing I beg of you—don't quarrel or show any jealousy!"

"We know enough not to do that," said Matilda, wisely. "I'm sure I do, and Maude ought to; while as for Gertie—but I declare! Gertie hasn't told us yet what she means to do!" turning to her youngest sister.

Gertie was neither so handsome as Matilda nor so pale and ladylike as Maude. She was a little bit of a creature, with small, irregular features, olive complexion, bright brown eyes and thick curly hair.

"My ugly duckling," her mother had often said, with a sigh.

Gertie had always been shy, lacking Matilda's flashing wit and Maude's easy chatter. Yet, although eclipsed in brilliancy by her two sisters, she had somehow gotten into her head enough sound knowledge to enable her to successfully teach school, in which occupation she had been engaged ever since her father's death, six months before. It was her earnings that had supplied the household wants. In answer to Matilda's question, she said, wistfully:

"I don't think there is much use in trying. You and Maude are so much brighter than I am. Uncle Obadiah has always been very kind to me, although, to be sure, he seldom notices me. Yet I do think he is a dear old man —"

"Well, between us here," said Matilda, lowering her voice, "I think it's a horrid old, octogenarian caper—putting us on trial, as it were, for money that would be legally ours if he were to die! I can't imagine why he got up this odd scheme."

"I suppose he had his reasons," said Gertie. "The money is his, and he has a right to do with it as he pleases. But as for my getting it—I don't see how I can! It's vacation now, still there is a lot of work to keep me busy. So I can't take up any branch."

Lays and weeks went by: Matilda joined "Les Filles de Minerve," was elected secretary of that society, and took an active interest in all its affairs. She expounded its principles in words of "learned length," and at all times endeavored to show Uncle Obadiah that he had a niece of broad, intellectual views and fearless independence.

Maude, on the other hand, adopted a gentle, childlike manner, and went about dressed in white muslin and lavender ribbons, carrying a gold pencil and a little blue-bound book, in which she wrote such high-souled poems that poor Gertie, when she read them, felt a quail of sorrow and shame because she could not understand them.

But she had little time to waste in vain regrets over her own inferiority. The cottage in which the Harrises lived, and which was the sole property left them, was in a most dilapidated condition, and the garden surrounding it nothing but a tangle of weeds and briars.

But Gertie's deft fingers soon worked a transformation. Dust and cobwebs were brushed away, the dingy paint cleaned and the small, square-shaped window-panes polished until they shone. Cleanliness, order and simple comfortable furniture made the interior very inviting.

Outside, the bit of lawn in front of the house was kept smoothly shaven, and here and there

amid the green were beds of white petunias and scarlet verbenas, drooping fuchsias and gay geraniums.

Every inch of the little back-yard was made of use. Coal-ashes, old tin cans, broken jars and dishes and rubbish of all sorts had been removed, and, instead, there were regular rows of beets, carrots and onions. In one corner was a square of cabbages, near it half a dozen of thrifty tomato plants. In another corner was a plot of green corn, amid whose straight, martial ranks a meandering squash flaunted its large green leaves, yellow blossoms and gourd-like fruit.

Many were the dollars saved as far as greengrocers' bills were concerned, and yet the Harrises' table lacked nothing in the way of fruit or vegetables.

But mind you, not a seed was ever sown, not a weed pulled up, that Gertie's hand didn't do!

And she had her reward, too, for the healthy outdoor work made her cheeks round and rosy.

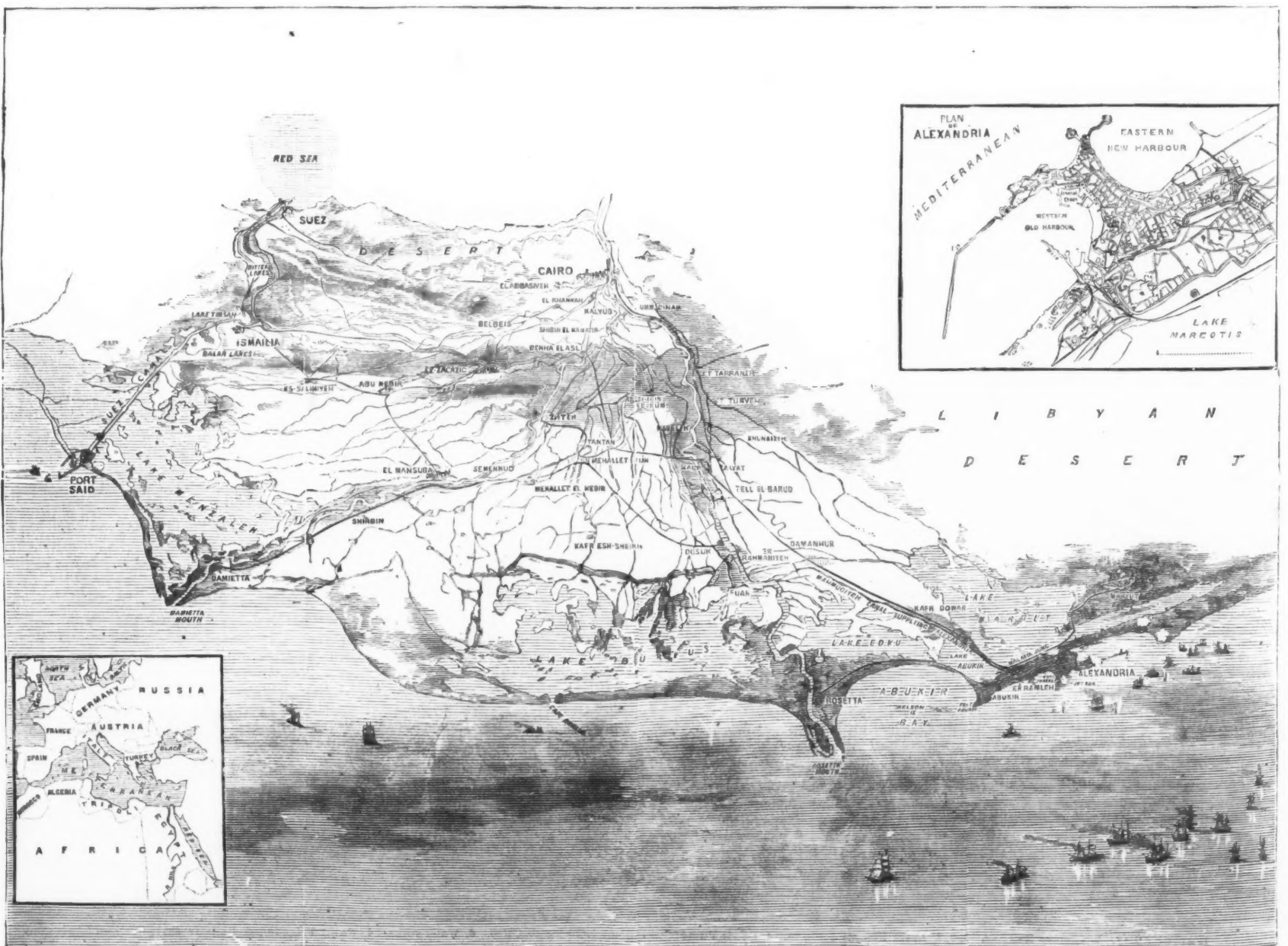
Although being very busy is a cardinal cure for despondency, Gertie often felt decidedly "blue." She liked "good times," pretty dresses and plenty of leisure as well as anybody. And it was no light cross to work day after day in the hot sun, especially when Matilda went riding with Mrs. Hasdin, President of "Les Filles de Minerve," and Maude, cool and comfortable in her muslin dress, sat in a rocking-chair up in the north chamber. And then, often as Gertie toiled amid flowers and vegetables, a faint whiff of a fragrant cigar floated through the green hedge separating the Harrises' plot of ground from the broad lawn and elegant residence of Colonel Brierly. And Gertie knew that on the spacious piazza over there, Guy Brierly, clad in fine linen and broadcloth, lolled in his hammock, oblivious or entirely indifferent to her presence! And she wiped something besides perspiration from her hot cheeks as she thought of the time when she and Guy went to the academy together—he carrying her books and always her faithful knight!

"He's been to college and traveled in Europe, and knows lots more than I do," thought Gertie. "Oh, dear! I do wish I had time to study!"

It was a bright morning—that first of October—the day on which Uncle Obadiah was to make known his decision.

At the Harrises' breakfast-table little attention was paid to the fragrant coffee or white rolls, for, on every one of the girls' plates lay an envelope. Matilda and Maude wore an expression of self-complacency. Each was sure that the prize belonged to her.

Gertie's face was also flushed with pleasure, not, however, because she had any hope of winning her uncle's reward. No, it was the recollection of how late last evening, as she was covering up a few pet plants to protect them from the frost, a tall form had leaned



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF EGYPT, SHOWING THE FIELD OF MILITARY OPERATIONS.



over the fence and a well-known voice had said:

"Miss Gertie, why are you so indifferent to an old friend? I've called three times at your house, but never once did my schoolmate Gertie come in the room to see me?"

"I-I didn't know you called. The girls generally entertain visitors."

"I know they do, Cinderella. I know, too, how you have toiled all Summer and made this patch of howling wilderness blossom as the rose! You've worked enough, I say, and deserve a play time! If it is pleasant to-morrow, will you take a ride?"

And thus it was that the thought of the kind words and the anticipation of the ride which made Gertie look so happy.

"Come, girls," said Uncle Obadiah, smiling, "open your envelopes and learn your fate."

In Matilda's were written these words:

"Who has been most self-denying?  
Who has made home happiest?  
Be just and answer truly!"

In Maude's was written the same.

But in little brown faced, soft-eyed Gertie's envelope was a check for ten thousand dollars and these words:

"Duty is crowned!"

THE FIELD OF OPERATIONS IN EGYPT.

WE give on opposite page a bird's-eye view of Egypt, in which the points around which military operations are in progress are conspicuously portrayed. While Egypt covers in all a space of 1,800,000 square miles, including Egypt proper, Nubia and the Soudan, and extends from the Red Sea (with a strip of land on the east coast of that narrow gulf) to the heart of the Libyan Desert on the west, and from the Mediterranean on the north almost to the Equator on the south, it is, for all practical purposes, nothing more than the Valley of the Nile from the Mediterranean to Assuan, a tract of country containing about 14,000 square miles of cultivable land, just about half the size of Ireland. More than half this land is in the Delta, which is 160 miles broad at its Mediterranean base, but narrows to about ten miles at its head below Cairo. From this point to Assuan, the alluvial soil rarely extends to more than three or four miles on each side of the Nile, except at the quasi-oasis of the Fayoum, a tract of fertile land, thirty miles by forty, on the left bank of the river. There are also five oases which are situated in the Libyan Desert, several days' journey west of the Nile. These are depressions in the lofty table-land, which rises above them in steep limestone cliffs. They owe their fertility to their copious springs, which are supposed to come underground from the Nile. The Suez Canal, which is the base of the British operations, is about one hundred miles in length, extending from the Mediterranean at Port Said to Suez on the Red Sea. Ismailia, the half-way house of the canal, stands on the northern shore of Lake Timshah, which was originally a sandy hollow, with a few shallow pools of water, but is now a miniature inland sea. Ismailia was created by the canal enterprise. It is supplied with fresh water by a canal called Sweet Water from the Nile at Zagazig, and has railway communication with Cairo and Suez. It is an attractive town, one of its features being the public garden, in the centre of which stand the waterworks. A caravan road crosses the canal above Ismailia by a floating bridge. The distance by rail from Ismailia to Cairo, which lies to the southwest, is ninety-nine miles.

From Lake Timshah to the Bitter Lakes the canal passes eight miles through the desert, Serapeum marking the spot where a great ledge of rock was discovered after the water was let in, and which is still the shallowest point in the canal. Before the canal was built there was a brackish marsh at the bottom of a broad basin of arid sand. Now there is an artificial sea, twenty-five miles long and about four miles wide. It was not necessary to make any cutting there for the canal. From the Bitter Lakes to Suez the canal is a trench in the sand, with a pontoon bridge over the main caravan road. The roadstead at Suez would accommodate the fleets of all nations. The entrance to the canal is protected by a long breakwater. On the jetty close to the wharves where ships are moored is the terminus of the railway leading north and west to Cairo, Alexandria and Damietta. Between the town and the new harbor there is a massive embankment of stone along which the railway passes. The fresh water canal from the Nile runs from Ismailia to Suez. From Suez to Cairo the distance by rail is 150 miles. Cairo is situated a little north of an imaginary line running directly west from Suez.

Port Said is distant by sea from Alexandria about 140 miles. On the morning of August 20th, this place was occupied by the British forces, and a few hours later Ismailia was also occupied. Shaluf, or Chelouf, a station on the canal between Ismailia and Suez, was captured by Highlanders and marines after a sharp contest with the Arabs, 200 of whom were killed or taken prisoners. By these operations the British obtained control of ninety miles of the canal, and placed themselves in the rear of Arabi, commanding Cairo and his line of retreat. At the moment of these operations Arabi's army was at Kafr-el-Dwar (Kafr-Dowar on the map), where he evidently expected the British to assail him by advancing from Alexandria. On the 22d the latter made a reconnaissance in the direction of his position, but nothing was accomplished beyond the discovery that the Egyptians were strongly posted and apparently prepared to dispute inch by inch the advance of the enemy. Meanwhile, General Wolseley had seized Kantarah and Serapeum on the line of the canal, the enemy in retreating carrying off the railway stock from Ismailia. The British then advanced their lines in the direction of Zagazig, one of the strategic points of the country. A study of the map will show that Wolseley must make himself master of Zagazig, where three lines meet, and of Dammanhour, the junction of the Alexandria line, to which Arabi will retreat when forced from Kafr-el-Dwar. If the Egyptians succeed in destroying the railroads, he will, of course, be greatly embarrassed in his movements, and Arabi may succeed in getting to Cairo before him. It is plain that the possession of the railway and the passes in the direction of Cairo will for a time be the main object of both sides. The British have one manifest advantage in the occupation of Shaluf and Kantarah, the former of which is the eastern key to the Cairo and Suez Railway, while the latter commands the key both to the cultivated country and the desert.

The latest reports are to the effect that the Egyptians are concentrating a force at a point ten miles distant from Ismailia, and that Arabi had 25,000 men and sixty guns at Tel-el-Kebr. Whether the British will undertake to move from their base by other means than the railways is yet to be seen, but it is obvious that they cannot long delay their forward movement. The Nile is rapidly rising, and soon nearly the entire country will be flooded. Across the area thus inundated no army could march, and all the waterways are so connected that, by damaging some of them, Arabi can turn an immense torrent into the others and intercept the enemy's advance in almost any direction that he pleases. Sir Garnet Wolseley will, of course, be safe on the line from Ismailia to Zagazig, but with the country flooded he will be unable to effect a junction with

General Allison's forces from Alexandria, and cannot force Arabi into an engagement until the waters have entirely subsided.

### THE TRAMP NUISANCE.

THE tramp may, without exaggeration, be styled the bane of country life. Lazy, shiftless, insolent, brutal, he not only offends the thrifty sense of the industrious farmer, but he is the terror of all "the women folk." He is as cunning as he is slothful, and long experience has made him proficient in all the arts of "beating" a living out of his betters. His favorite dodge is to swoop down upon the farmhouse when he knows that it is deserted by all its male inhabitants, and terrorize the female inmates. These knights of the road are apt to hunt in couples, and when a brace of the ill-favored fellows knock at the door, she must needs be a brave woman who confronts them without trembling. Having satisfied themselves that nobody of their own sex is in the vicinity to interfere with their operations, they proceed to announce their demands, backing them up with muttered curses and a significant exposure of their revolvers. They must have the best which the larder affords, and even then their reluctant entertainer must expect her unbidden guests to grumble loudly at the poverty of their fare. The meal is a long one, for the tramp boasts a ravenous appetite, and to the prudent housewife it seems as though it would never come to an end. She shudders as she recalls tales of indignities and outrages perpetrated by these brutes upon defenseless women, and her terror is increased when the tramps, having at last satisfied their ravenous appetites, turn their attention from the table to the children and enjoy the dismay which their attentions produce. The more anxiety that is shown, the more pleasure do these callers find; and when they finally take their departure, the reaction leaves the wretched family almost too much overcome to take up again the round of their daily duties thus rudely interrupted.

### CAMP-MEETING AND HORSE-RACES.

FOR many years the Neelytown camp-meeting has been an institution in Orange County, N. Y., which has rather overshadowed in interest the county fairs and local horse-trots for which that portion of the State is noted. Neelytown is a station on the Montgomery branch of the Erie Railway, about sixty-five miles from New York. It has no valid claim to the title of "town," for such a thing as a town in the vicinity will be looked for in vain. Its only claim to distinction is its camp-meeting grounds. The location is in an attractive part of the Wallkill Valley, and during the camp-meeting sessions, which last from one to two weeks, a goodly portion of the population of Orange and Sullivan Counties, N. Y., and Sussex County, N. J., is either domiciled in tents at Neelytown or is in daily attendance upon the ceremonies. While most camp-meeting associations have grown to be simply managers of immense resorts of fashion, conducted under the guise of religious convocations, Neelytown maintains its character of a primitive religious gathering, with unguessed and irrepressible "extortions" expounding the good old doctrine of eternal torment for the unconverted. The mountains and "back docters" turn out their quotas of indescribable characters during the continuance of the Neelytown gathering, and no circus ever drew together such homogeneous parcels of mankind. Neelytown is the very centre of the blooded horse and "apple-jack" district of Orange County, and such combinations of character are possible there as in no other locality this side of the Blue Grass district of Kentucky.

The season at Neelytown for 1882 is just over. The fact that the famous "evangelist" Widow Van Cott was to conduct the services made it the most widely popular gathering the place has had for years. Such a commingling of watermelons, peanuts, ginger-beer and private flasks of whisky with religion the oldest habitué of Neelytown does not remember. Many of the types of rural character at Neelytown gave Mrs. Van Cott opportunity for bringing about those dramatic situations in which she so much delights, as in suddenly stretching out her hands over a worshiper somewhat under the influence of the local tipple, who was present with his wife and child, and asking for the divine blessing on his head. A few minutes later this same worshiper was on the outskirts of the camp wanting to bet a friend ten dollars that he had a "bay horse that could get lit away with any company of horses there was down to Neelytown at this meetin'."

Sunday is the big day at Neelytown. The young man who lives within twenty miles of the place and who doesn't hitch up and take "his girl" to camp-meeting Sunday is of no account whatever in the community. And when the service is over, and they start home, some of the liveliest horse-races that ever were seen in Orange County take place on every road that leads away from Neelytown. Goldsmith Maid developed her first speed while carrying home a couple of worshipers from this camp-meeting.

### ACCIDENT IN THE HUDSON RIVER TUNNEL.

THE great engineering work of tunneling the Hudson River between New York and Jersey City goes forward so quietly that the public is apt to forget its progress until a disaster of some sort calls attention to the difficulties and dangers of the enterprise. The most serious accident occurred on the Jersey side about two years ago, when the water broke through upon a party of workmen busily engaged in their underground toil, and drowned no less than twenty of them. Another accident occurred last March, when the compressed air forced its way out of the unfinished end of the tunnel and the water rushed in, driving the men out but giving all time enough to reach a place of safety. The third disaster occurred on the afternoon of August 20th. A force of sixteen men, including Engineer Giff, were in the heading at the foot of Morton Street on the New York side about five o'clock, when the water from the river overhead burst into the heading and filled it from the further end to the air-lock fifteen feet back. The section in which the blow-out occurred is the last one undergoing construction, and extends from the air-lock, which is fifty feet from the caisson, fifteen feet further towards the river, to a point about even with the end of the river-bank and the beginning of the river bed. The earth had been tunneled out in this section, and the boiler-like cylinder of iron which is to form the outer shell of each heading of the tunnel was being lined with brick. All the men were in this iron cylinder, working by the glare of an electric light, when suddenly a hissing sound gave notice that the strong pressure of air which is kept up in the uncompleted portions of the tunnel had found a vent through the sand overhead, and when it went out the water began to force itself in. The order to retreat to the air-lock was immediately given, and all hands quickly made their way into the great iron vessel, whose door closed automatically behind them as the water made its way in and the air pressure was spent. Within three minutes after the first signal of danger the bulkhead plates gave way and the earth was blown out, admitting a body of water which filled the iron shell of the heading in a second. The workmen, however, were before this all safe in the air-lock, from which they

had a clear way of retreat to the open air, so that the disaster happily resulted in no loss of life, although it will cause a vexatious delay in the progress of the work.

### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

#### The War in Egypt.

Elsewhere we refer at length to the military operations in Egypt. Among our illustrations is one which shows the British reconnoitring the position occupied by Arabi on the Mahmoudieh Canal, four miles from Alexandria, prior to flank movement by way of the Suez Canal. It was at this point that the skirmish of August 5th occurred. In this reconnoissance the troops were preceded by the naval armored train, carrying one 40-pounder gun and two 9-pounder guns, a Nordenfeldt, and two Gatlings. Some 1,400 troops in all were engaged, and the advance was entirely successful, the enemy being driven from their position. The guns from the train were especially serviceable in covering the advance of the infantry. The armored train consists of six trucks protected with iron shields, the engine being in the centre. A Nordenfeldt gun looks over the bows of the leading truck, and three Gatlings over the stern of the hindmost. The men in the trucks are protected from musketry by a row of sandbags. Two field guns are carried in one of the other trucks or cars, built for heavy weights. The train is manned by three companies of blue jackets to work the guns. It is provided with mines, electric gear and all appliances for laying down or destroying rails. It is also furnished with a powerful steam crane for shifting guns and other heavy articles. An empty car goes before the train, and can be shunted forward, the train stopping from time to time to try whether the line is clear, and to explode any mines that may have been laid beneath the rails. The work of restoring order and suppressing acts of pillage and rapine in the city and suburbs of Alexandria, committed to Commander Lord Charles Beresford, has been carried out by a small force of marines and sailors, aided by some native Egyptian disarmed soldiers and others regarded as trustworthy. At the Zaptieh, or head office of the Alexandria police, a British officer, assisted by native magistrates and interpreters, on behalf of the Khédive's Government, tries the cases of persons charged with robbery, violence, or incendiarism, and disposes of them by summary sentence, the punishment being either flogging or imprisonment, or possibly a little of both. Some of the most determined marauders came from the suburban Arab village of Karmouss, at the base of Pompey's Pillar, and it was found that their booty had been deposited in houses of a respectable class there, which were therefore visited with a demand that it should be given up, together with all firearms kept in the houses. In some cases, compliance being refused, the doors were burst open by the use of gun-cotton, with an electric battery. Both the Royal Marines and the Naval Brigade were at first, in their occupation of Alexandria, exposed to many hardships, but they were equal to every emergency. The illustration of the British in the open streets, with the ruins of the city smoldering around them, gives a good idea of the facility with which they adapted themselves to circumstances.

#### Government Offices at Adelaide.

The new Government offices at Adelaide, the capital of South Australia, which have been occupied for some months past, have a frontage either way of 200 feet, and are constructed throughout of stone and brick. Strong rooms are provided in connection with each department, those for the lands titles being especially arranged for the safekeeping of the numerous and ever increasing deeds and other documents. The windows of all strong rooms are fitted with double wrought-iron shutters, controlled by gearing worked from the inside of the building. Electric bells and telephonic communication are freely provided throughout. The cost of the building, including fittings and furniture, was about \$340,000.

#### The "Eira" Arctic Expedition.

Another Arctic expedition has come to grief, though happily the latest disaster was not accompanied by such terrible experiences as, in the case of the ill-fated *Jeanette*, have shocked the whole world. The steamer *Hope*, commanded by Sir Allen Young, C. B., which left England in June in search of the steamer *Eira*, has returned with the entire crew of that vessel. The *Hope* picked them up in Matoshkin Straits, Nova Zembla, on the 3d of August, they having lost their ship off Franz Josef Land, and journeyed in boats to the straits through the ice. The *Eira* was a large yacht, owned by Mr. Leigh Smith, a wealthy Englishman with a taste for adventure, who sailed for north in 1880, and made a partial exploration of Franz Josef Land. Desiring to push his explorations further, he sailed from England in the *Eira* for the Barents Sea in June, 1881, expecting to return later in the same year. On July 13th the *Eira* steamed through pack ice, and ten days later sighted Franz Josef Land. The party proceeded northward, but on August 21st the *Eira* got nipped between a land floe and pack ice a mile east of Cape Flora, and sank before they were able to save many stores. They built a hut on Cape Flora of turf and stones, and covered it with sails, spending the winter there. Twenty-nine walrus and thirty-six bears were killed and eaten, and no signs of scurvy appeared. On June 21st, 1882, they left Cape Flora in four boats, sailed eighty miles without seeing any ice, and reached Nova Zembla on August 2d. The next day they were picked up by the steamer which had been sent to their relief.

#### Inundation of the Nile.

The River Nile enters Egypt at Philæ and descends the Second or Great Cataract to Syene or Assuan, and from there flows in a single stream as far as Bat-el-Bakara, at the head of the Delta, where it divides into two branches, leading down respectively to Rosetta and Damietta on the sea. The length of the whole course through Egypt, including all the windings, is about 700 miles, and the ordinary width of the stream above the Delta about 700 yards. The annual rise in the river usually begins about the third week in June, and the increase of the water becomes in a short time regular, till it reaches its maximum about the second week of September. As the canals become filled, the water is allowed to run over the fields and gardens, the low dams which protect them being successively trodden down. During this season Egypt resembles a great sea, in which towns, villages and groves of trees figure as so many islands. By the middle of November the river has returned to its old bed, and the cultivated soil reappears covered with blackish mud. But this state of things does not last long; the seed is quickly sown in the refreshed earth teeming with life, and in an incredibly short time the face of the country is clothed with the richest verdure. Our illustration possesses especial interest in view of the fact that the river is now reported to be rapidly rising and may by its overflow seriously interrupt the operations of the British troops in Egypt.

#### The Suez Canal.

IN spite of the Egyptian troubles, the receipts of the Suez Canal for July were 4,500,000 francs, or 80,000 francs larger than in July, 1881. During the first seven months of the present year 1,560 vessels traversed the canal, producing a revenue of about 36,500,000 francs, whereas during the corresponding period in 1881 the 1,571 vessels which used it only produced 29,000,000 francs.

### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—Two thousand three hundred Bosnian refugees have been ordered to leave Montenegro.

—Ten white horses which were being trained for use at the Czar's coronation have been killed by Nihilists.

—Three cheers for Arabi Pasha were given at a meeting of 5,000 workmen at Rocky Point, R. I., last week.

—The Arizona Republican Territorial Convention has nominated Judge De Forest Porter as Delegate to Congress.

—Among the subscribers to the Garfield Monument Hospital Fund are President Arthur and the President of Hayti.

—Red Cloud, the threatening Sioux chief, has been arrested at Pine Hill Agency, Nebraska, and is now at large on parole.

—ARKANSAS credit does not appear to stand high. No bids were made for the \$100,000 State loan recently proposed.

—An English steamship has sailed from Philadelphia for Alexandria with 500 mules for service in the English army in Egypt.

—Five thousand persons were present at the closing exercises of the ninth annual Chautauque Assembly on the 21st ultimo.

—In parts of Texas planters fear that the cotton stalks will not be able to stand under the great number of boils forming upon them.

—In one week, recently, 1,500 Americans registered at the American Exchange in London, and over 23,000 were registered during the past year.

—An artesian well, just sunk at Yankton, Dakota, has developed powerful magnetic properties. A piece of steel held in the water becomes speedily magnetized.

—A DEPUTATION of Irish members of Parliament will be sent to America by the Dublin Mansion House Committee for the Relief and Protection of Evicted Tenants to secure assistance.

—PASTOR LOVE, of the United Presbyterian Church, at Harrisville, O., was chloroformed and robbed of \$5,000 by his two sons, whom he had reared to the ages of twelve and fourteen with exceeding religious rigor.

—A FIRE in a cracker bakery in Lewiston, Me., the other day, was accompanied by a singular explosion which can only be accounted for on the theory that flour dust under certain atmospheric conditions acts like gunpowder.

—The Democrats of Delaware have nominated Charles C. Stockley for Governor and Charles B. Love for Congress. An Independent Republican ticket, headed by Warren N. Vinton for Governor, has been placed in the field in Maine.

—A VEIN of coal 5½ feet in thickness has been discovered two miles northwest of Le Mars, Iowa, at a distance of three hundred feet from the surface. Experts pronounce the find of a superior quality. A company has been formed to sink a shaft.

—A CONVICT has just left the Jeffersonville, (Ind.) Penitentiary at the age of seventy-five, after completing his sixth term, his confinement aggregating thirty-five years. He says he has become tired of prison life, and will in the future lead a better life.

—The schooner *Vermilion*, wrecked off Erie, Pa., with 350 tons of copper, in 1844, was discovered, last week, by a company of treasure-seekers, who for several months have been searching for the wreck with electric apparatus. The copper lies in fifty feet of water, and is worth nearly \$200,000.

—The Mayor and City Council of Reading, Pa., were arrested last week by virtue of a bench warrant issued in pursuance of indictments found against them for keeping the streets in improper repair. They all appeared before the clerk of the court and gave bail in \$300 each for their appearance at the November court.

—FISHERY INSPECTOR KIEL has stopped Americans fishing in Canadian waters. A number of steam yachts and small boats have been operating near Wolfe and Simcoe Islands, and the Inspector informed them that they had no right there unless licensed. Some tourists declined at first to move off, but did so finally, when threatened that their boats would be seized.

—The draft of a treaty negotiation between the Indian Government and the Burmese Mission has been rejected by King Thebaw, who objects to the clauses providing for the abolition of monopolies and for the maintenance of an armed guard at the British Residency at Mandalay. The negotiations have been finally closed, and the Burmese Mission will leave Siam for home.

—ANOTHER famous "collection" is coming into the market, Parliament having passed a Bill giving power to the trustees of Sir Henry Hoare's settled estates to sell the heirlooms at Stourhead, most of which were collected by the well known Sir Richard Colt Hoare, who died in 1835. Some years ago the collection was valued at \$250,000.

—A TELEGRAPH operator in Montana who went out to repair a broken wire, twenty-eight miles from the station, forgot his pocket instrument, and by an unfortunate fall at the point of breakage of the wire his leg was broken. He managed to call for help by taking hold of the wire between the break and the station and sending signals by tapping the end of the wire on the ground.

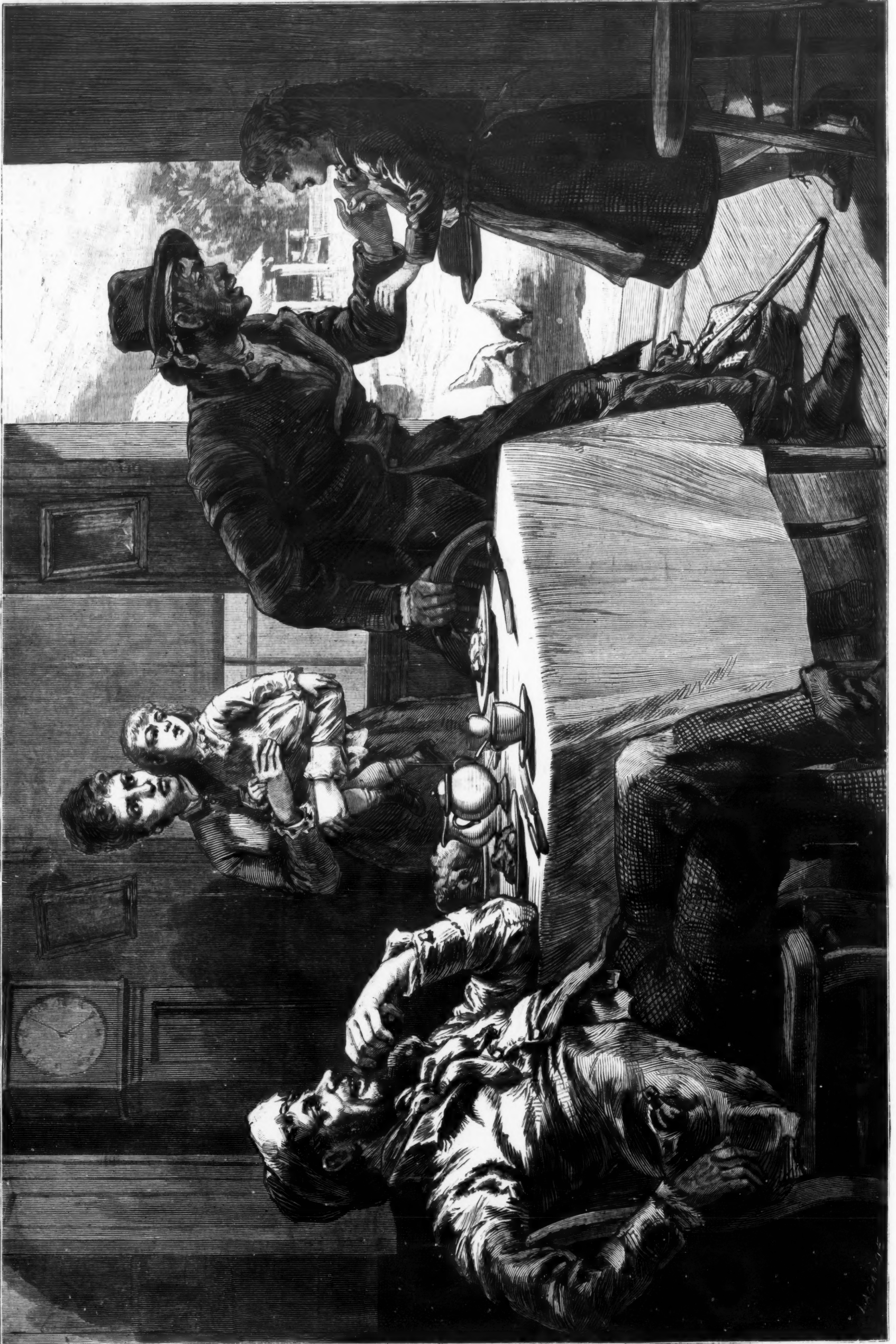
—A SWIMMING contest for \$1,000 and the championship of the world occurred in Boston Harbor, last week, between the English champion, Captain Matthew Webb, and Thomas Riley, the champion short-distance swimmer of America, and was won by Captain Webb. Webb made the distance (two miles) in 1 hour 4 minutes and 50 seconds, and Riley in 1 hour 5 minutes and 10 seconds.

—The long strike of the Pan Handle coal miners ended last week in their return to work at the reduced rates against which they struck. The struggle has been the most protracted and expensive ever known to that district. In the four and a half months since April last, when the men laid down their picks, they have lost in wages \$250,000. The operators and the railway companies have also lost heavily.

—A RECENT rise in the Red River caused a change in its channel, leaving two hundred acres of valuable timbered land belonging to Fannin County, Tex., high and dry on the Indian Territory side of the river. The Indians now claim and are cutting timber from it. The matter was referred to Land Commissioner Walsh, who decides that the severed territory is still a part of Texas, and that owners of the land can prohibit the Indians from the timber or any part thereof.

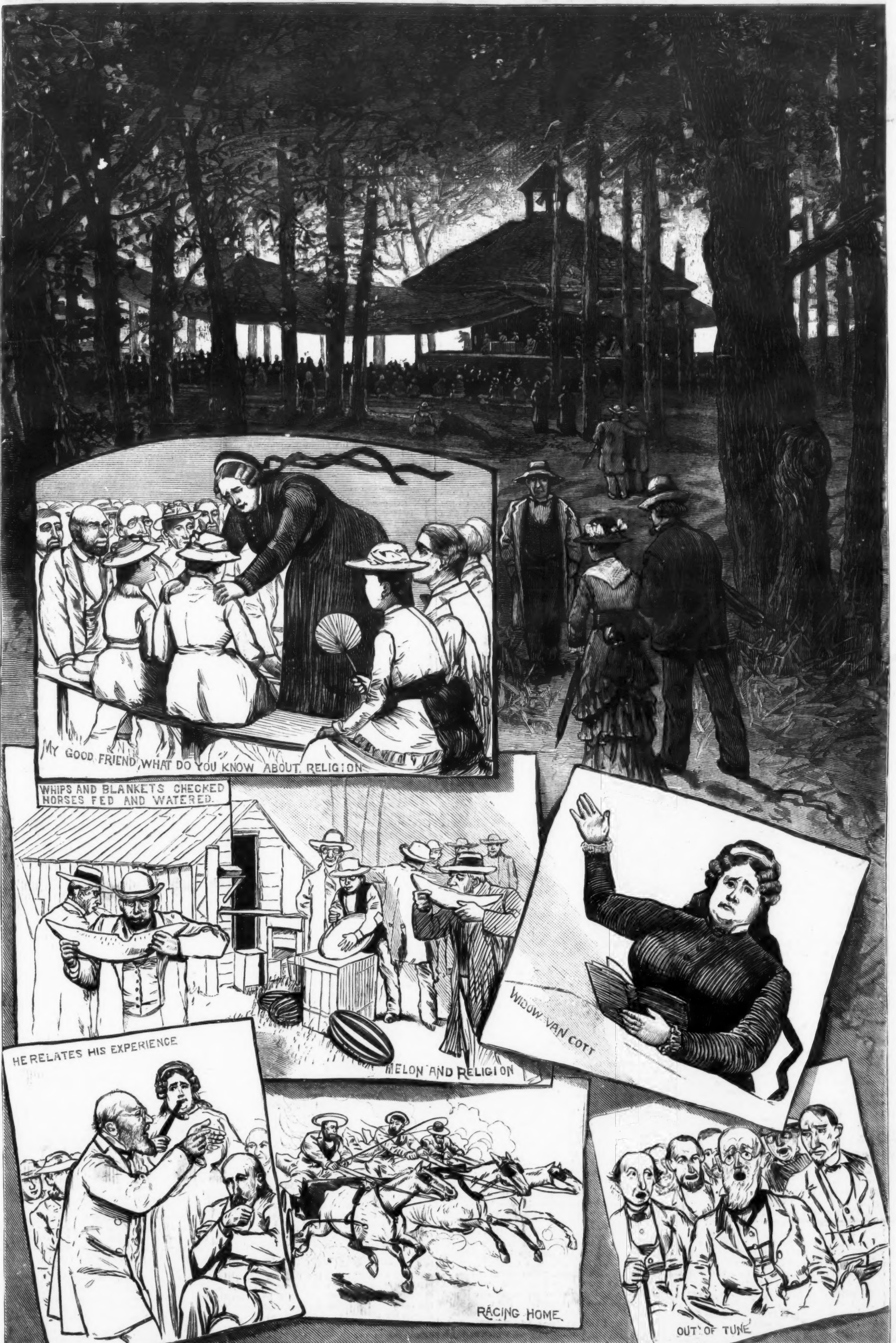
—THE Utah insane asylum is described as a horrible place by an Englishman from New South Wales, on a tour of inspection of such institutions, who recently visited it. Some of the inmates are confined in cages outside the main building, while others were in iron, bound hand and foot; the men are punished with a club, and the women with a strap. Worst of all, two of the inmates are sane, one of them having been sent to the asylum ten years ago by a Mormon polygamist who had stolen his wife.





THE UNWELCOME VISITORS—TRAMPS IN POSSESSION OF A FARM-HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY.—FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 23.





NEW YORK.—AN OLD-FASHIONED CAMP-MEETING AT NEELYTOWN—SCENES AND INCIDENTS.  
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 23.



## IT DOES NOT MATTER.

IT does not matter very much to me  
Thro' what strange ways my pathway now may  
lead.  
Since I know that it runs away from thee  
I give it little heed.  
It does not matter if in calm or strife  
Shall ebb and flow for me the future's tide.  
I had but one great longing in my life,  
And that has been denied.  
It does not matter if I stand or fall,  
Or walk with kings or with the rank or file.  
Life's loftiest aims and best ambitions all  
Were centred in thy smile.  
It does not matter what the world may say,  
I feel no interest in its blame or praise.  
I only know we dwell apart to-day,  
And shall thro' endless days.  
It does not matter! For my palsied heart  
Is numb to sorrow or to pleasure's touch.  
Since it must be that we two drift apart  
Why, nothing matters much.

ELLA WHEELER.

## HEART AND SCIENCE:

## A STORY OF THE PRESENT TIME.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

[The Right of Translation is Reserved.]

## CHAPTER XIII.

OVID had promised to return to Carmina in a minute. The minutes passed, and still Doctor Benjulia held him in talk.

Now that he was no longer seeking amusement in his own dreary way by mystifying Zo, the lines seemed to harden in the doctor's grim, brown face. A scrupulously polite man, he was always cold in his politeness. He waited to have his hand shaken, and waited to be spoken to. And yet, on this occasion, he had something to say. When Ovid opened the conversation, he changed the subject directly.

"Benjulia! what brings you to the Zoological Gardens?"

"One of the monkeys has got brain-disease; and they fancy I might like to see the beast before they kill him. Have you been thinking lately of that patient we lost?"

Not at the moment remembering the patient, Ovid made no immediate reply. The doctor seemed to distrust his silence.

"You don't mean to say you have forgotten the case?" he resumed. "We called it hysteria, not knowing what else it was. I don't forgive the girl for slipping through our fingers; I hate to be beaten by Death in that way. Have you made up your mind what to do on the next occasion? Perhaps you think you could have saved her life if you had been sent for, now?"

"No, indeed, I am just as ignorant—"

"Give ignorance time," Benjulia interposed, "and ignorance will become knowledge—if a man is in earnest. The proper treatment might occur to you to-morrow."

He held to his idea with such obstinacy that Ovid set him right rather impatiently. "The proper treatment has as much chance of occurring to the greatest ass in the profession," he answered, "as it has of occurring to me. I can put my mind to no good medical use; my work has been too much for me. I am obliged to give up practice, and rest—for a time."

Not even a formal expression of sympathy escaped Doctor Benjulia. Having been a distrustful friend so far, he became an inquisitive friend now. "You're going away, of course," he said. "Where to? On the Continent? Not to Italy—if you really want to recover your health?"

"What is the objection to Italy?"

The doctor put his great hand solemnly on his young friend's shoulder. "The medical schools in that country are recovering their past reputation," he said. "They are becoming active centres of physiological inquiry. You will be dragged into it to a dead certainty. They're sure to try what they can strike out, by collision with a man like you. What will become of that overworked mind of yours when a lot of professors are searching it without mercy? Have you ever been to Canada?"

"No. Have you?"

"I have been everywhere. Canada is just the place for you in this Summer season. Bracing air; and steady-going doctors, who leave the fools in Europe to pry into the secrets of Nature. Thousands of miles of land, if you like riding. Thousands of miles of water, if you like sailing. Pack up and go to Canada."

What did all this mean? Was he afraid that his colleague might stumble on some discovery which he was in search of himself? And did the discovery relate to his own special subject of brains and nerves? Ovid made an attempt to understand him.

"Tell me something about yourself, Benjulia," he said. "Are you returning to your regular professional work?"

Benjulia struck his bamboo-stick emphatically on the gravel-walk. "Never! Unless I know more than I know now."

This surely meant that he was as much devoted to his chemical experiments as ever? In that case, how could Ovid (who knew nothing of chemical experiments) be an obstacle in the doctor's way? Baffled thus far, he made another attempt at inducing Benjulia to explain himself.

"When is the world to hear of your discoveries in chemistry?" he asked.

The doctor's massive forehead gathered ominously into a frown. "Damn the world!" That was his only reply.

Ovid was not disposed to allow himself to be kept in the dark in this way. "I suppose

you are going on with your experiments?" he said.

The gloom of Benjulia's grave eyes deepened; they stared with a stern fixedness into vacancy. His great head bent slowly over his broad breast. The whole man seemed to be shut up in himself. "I go on a way of my own," he growled. "Let nobody cross it."

After that reply, to persist in making inquiries would only have ended in needlessly provoking an irritable man. Ovid looked back towards Carmina. "I must return to my friends," he said.

The doctor lifted his head like a man awakened. "Have I been rude?" he asked. "I don't talk to me about my experiments. That's my raw place, and you hit me on it. What did you say just now? Friends? Who are your friends?" He rubbed his hand savagely over his forehead—it was a way he had of clearing his mind. "I know," he went on. "I saw your friends just now. Who's the young lady?" His most intimate companions had never heard him laugh—they had sometimes seen his thin lipped mouth widen drearily into a smile. It widened now. "Whoever she is," he proceeded, "Zoe wonders why you don't kiss her."

This specimen of Benjulia's attempts at pleasantry was not exactly to Ovid's taste. He shifted the topic to his little sister. "You were always fond of Zoe," he said.

Benjulia looked thoroughly puzzled. Fondness for anybody was, to all appearance, one of the few subjects on which he had not qualified himself to offer an opinion. He gave his head another savage rub, and returned to the subject of the young lady. "Who is she?" he asked again.

"My cousin," Ovid replied as shortly as possible.

"Your cousin? A girl of Lady Northlake's?"

"No; my late uncle's daughter."

Benjulia suddenly came to a standstill. "What?" he cried. "has that misbegotten child grown up to be a woman?"

Ovid started. Words of angry protest were on his lips, when he perceived Teresa and Zoe on one side of him, and the keeper of the monkeys on the other. Benjulia dismissed the man with the favorable answer which Zoe had already reported. They walked on again. Ovid was at liberty to speak.

"Do you know what you said of my cousin just now?" he begins.

His tone seemed to surprise the doctor.

"What did I say?" he asked.

"You used a very offensive word. You called Carmina a 'misbegotten child.' Are you repeating some vile slander on the memory of her mother?"

Benjulia came to another standstill. "Slander?" he repeated—and said no more.

Ovid's anger broke out. "Yes!" he replied.

"Or a lie, if you like, told of a woman as high above reproach as your mother or mine!"

"You are hot," the doctor remarked, and walked on again. "When I was in Italy"—

he paused to calculate—"when I was at Rome, fifteen years ago, your cousin was a wretched little rickety child. I said to Robert Gray-

well, 'Don't get too fond of that girl; she'll never live to grow up.' He said something about taking her away to the mountain air. I didn't think, myself, the mountain air would be of any use. It seems I was wrong. Well! it's a surprise to me to find her"—he waited, and calculated again—"to find her grown up to be seventeen years old."

To Ovid's ears, there was an inhuman indifference in his tone as he said this, which it was impossible not to resent, by looks, if not in words. Benjulia noticed the impression that he had produced, without in the least understanding it. "Your nervous system's in a nasty state," he remarked; "you had better take care of yourself. I'll go and look at the monkey."

His face was like the face of the impenetrable sphinx; his deep bass voice droned placidly. Ovid's anger had passed by him like the passing of the Summer air. "Good by," he said. "and take care of those nasty nerves. I tell you again—they mean mischief."

Not altogether willingly Ovid made his apologies. "If I have misunderstood you, I beg your pardon. At the same time, I don't think I am to blame. Why did you mislead me by using that detestable word?"

"Wasn't it the right word?"

"The right word—when you only wanted to speak of a poor sickly child! Considering that you took your degree at Oxford—"

"You could expect nothing better from the disadvantages of my education," said the doctor, finishing the sentence with the grave composure that distinguished him. "When I said 'misbegotten,' perhaps I ought to have said 'half-begotten.' Thank you for reminding me. I'll look at the dictionary when I get home."

Ovid's mind was not set at ease yet.

"There's one other thing," he persisted, "that seems unaccountable." He started, and seized Benjulia by the arm. "Stop!" he cried, with a sudden outburst of alarm.

"Well?" asked the doctor, stopping directly.

"What is it?"

"Nothing," said Ovid, recoiling from a stain on the gravel walk, caused by the remains of an unlucky beetle, crushed under his friend's heavy foot. "You trod on the beetle before I could stop you."

Benjulia's astonishment at finding an adult male human being (not in a lunatic asylum) anxious to spare the life of a beetle, literally struck him speechless. His medical instincts came to his assistance. "You had better leave London at once," he suggested. "Get into pure air, and be out of doors all day long."

He turned over the remains of the beetle with the end of his stick. "The common beetle," he said; "I haven't damaged a Specimen."

Ovid returned to the subject, which had suffered interruption through his abortive little act of mercy. "You knew my uncle in Italy. It seems strange, Benjulia, that I should never have heard of it before."

"Yes; I knew your uncle; and," he added with especial emphasis, "I knew his wife."

"Well?"

"Well, I can't say I felt any particular interest in either of them. Nothing happened afterwards to put me in mind of the acquaintance till you told me who the young lady was just now."

"Surely, my mother must have reminded you?"

"Not that I can remember. Women in her position don't much fancy talking of a relative who has married"—he stopped to choose his next words. "I don't want to be rude; suppose we say married beneath him?"

Reflection told Ovid that this was true. Even in conversation with himself (before the arrival in England of Robert's will), his mother rarely mentioned her brother—and still more rarely his family. There was another reason for Mrs. Gallilee's silence, known only to herself. Robert was in the secret of her debts, and Robert had laid her under heavy pecuniary obligations. The very sound of his name was revolting to his amiable sister: it reminded her of that humiliating sense known in society as a sense of gratitude.

Carmina was still waiting, and there was nothing further to be gained by pursuing the talk with such a man as Benjulia. Feeling that he had not succeeded, as he could have wished, in setting his mind completely at rest, Ovid held out his hand to say good-by.

Taking the offered hand readily enough, the doctor repeated his old question—"I haven't been rude, have I?"—with an unpleasant appearance of going through a form purely for form's sake. Ovid's natural generosity of feeling urged him to meet the advance, strangely as it had been made, with a friendly reception. "I am afraid it is I who have been rude," he said. "Will you go back with me, and be introduced to Carmina?"

Benjulia made his acknowledgments in his own remarkable way. "No, thank you," he said, quietly, "I'd rather see the monkey."

## CHAPTER XIV.

IN the meantime Zoe had become the innocent cause of a difference of opinion between two no less dissimilar personages than Maria and the duenna.

Having her mind full of the sick monkey, the child felt a natural curiosity to see the other monkeys who were well. Amiable Miss Minerva consulted her young friend from Italy before she complied with Zoe's wishes. Would Miss Carmina like to visit the monkey-house? Ovid's cousin, remembering Ovid's promise, looked towards the end of the walk. He was not returning to her—he was not even in sight. Carmina resigned herself to circumstances, with a little air of pique which was duly registered in Miss Minerva's memory.

Arriving at the monkey-house, Teresa appeared in a new character. She surprised her companions by showing an interest in natural history.

"Are they all monkeys in that big place?" she asked. "How do the beasts like it, I wonder?"

This comprehensive inquiry was addressed to the governess, as the most learned person present. Miss Minerva referred to her elder pupil with an encouraging smile. "Maria will inform you," she said. "Her studies in natural history have made her well acquainted with the habits of monkeys."

Thus authorized to exhibit her learning, even the discreet Maria actually blushed with pleasure. It was that young lady's most highly-prized reward to display her knowledge (in imitation of her governess's method of instruction) for the benefit of unfortunate persons of the lower rank, whose education had been imperfectly carried out. The tone of amiable patronage with which she now imparted useful information to a woman old enough to be her grandmother would have made the hands of the bygone generation burn to box her ears.

"The monkeys are kept in large and airy cages," Maria began; "and the temperature is regulated with the utmost care. I shall be happy to point out to you the difference between the monkey and the ape. You are not, perhaps, aware that the members of the latter family are called *Simiadae*, and are without tails and cheek pouches?"

Listening so far in dumb amazement, Teresa checked the flow of information at tails and cheek pouches.

"What gibberish is this child talking to me?" she asked. "I want to know how the monkeys amuse themselves in that big house?"

Maria's perfect training condescended to enlighten this state of mind.

"They have ropes to swing on," she answered, sweetly; "and visitors feed them through the wires of the cage. Branches of trees are also placed for their diversion; reminding many of them, no doubt, of the vast tropical forests in which, as we learn from travelers, they pass in flocks from tree to tree."

Teresa held up her hand as a signal to stop. "A little of you, my young lady, goes a long way," she said. "Consider how much I can hold, before you cram me at this rate."

Maria was bewildered, but not daunted yet. "Pardon me," she pleaded; "I fear I don't quite understand you."

"Then there are two of us puzzled," the duenna remarked, roughly; "I don't understand you. I shan't go into that house. A Christian can't be expected to care about beasts—but right is right all the world over. Because a monkey is a nasty creature (as I have heard, not even good to eat when he's dead) that's no reason for taking him out of his own country and putting him into a cage. If we are to see creatures in prison, let's see creatures who have deserved it—men and women; rogues and sluts. The monkeys haven't deserved it. Go in—I'll wait for you at the door."

Setting her bitterest emphasis on this pro-

test, which expressed inveterate hostility to Maria using compassion for caged animals as the readiest means at hand, Teresa seated herself in triumph on the nearest bench.

A young person, possessed of no more than ordinary knowledge, might have left the old woman to enjoy the privilege of saying the last word. Miss Minerva's pupils, exuding information as it were at every pore in her skin, had been rudely dried up at a moment's notice. Even earthly perfection has its weak places within reach. Maria lost her temper.

"You will allow me to remind you," she said, "that intelligent curiosity leads us to study the habits of animals that are new to us. We place them in a cage—"

Teresa lost her temper.

"You're an animal that's new to me," cried the irate duenna. "I never in all my life met with such a child before. If you please, madam governess, put this girl into a cage. My intelligent curiosity wants to study a monkey that's new to me."

It was fortunate for Teresa that she was Carmina's favorite and friend, and, as such, a person to be carefully handled. Miss Minerva stopped the growing quarrel with the readiest discretion and good-feeling. She patted Teresa on the shoulder, and looked at Carmina with a pleasant smile. "Worthy old creature! how full of humor she is! The energy of the people, Miss Carmina. Remark the quaint force with which they express their ideas! No—not a word of apology, I beg and pray. Maria, my dear, take your sister's hand and we will follow." She put her arm in Carmina's arm with the happiest mixture of familiarity and respect, and she nodded to Carmina's old companion with the cordiality of a good-humored friend.

Teresa was not further irritated by being kept waiting for any length of time. In a few minutes Carmina joined her on the bench.

"Tired of the beasts already, my pretty one?"

"Worse than tired—driven away by the smell! Dear old Teresa, why did you speak so roughly to Miss Minerva and Maria?"

"Because I hate them! because I hate the family! Was your poor father demented in his last moments when he trusted you among these detestable people?"

Carmina listened in astonishment. "You said just the contrary of the family," she exclaimed, "only yesterday!"

Teresa hung her head in confusion. Her well-meant attempt to reconcile Carmina to the new life on which she had entered was now revealed as a sham, thanks to her own outbreak of temper. The one honest alternative left was to own the truth, and put Carmina on her guard without alarming her, if possible.

"I'll never tell a lie again as long as I live," Teresa declared. "You see, I didn't like to discourage you. After all, I dare say I'm more wrong than right in my opinion. But it is my opinion for all that. I hate those women, mistress and governess, both alike. There! now it's out. Are you angry with me?"

"I am never angry with you, my old friend; I am only a little vexed. Don't say you hate people after only knowing them for a day or two! I am sure Miss Minerva has been very kind—to me as well as to you. I feel ashamed of myself already for having begun by disliking her."

Teresa took her young mistress's hand, and patted it compassionately. "Poor innocent, if you only had my experience to help you! There are good ones and bad ones among all creatures. I say to you the Gallilees are bad ones! Even their music master (I saw him this morning) looks like a rogue. You will tell me the poor old gentleman is harmless, surely. I shall not contradict that—I shall only ask, what is the use of a man who is as weak as water? Oh, I like him, but I distinguish. I also like Zoe. But what is a child—especially when that beastly governess has muddled her unfortunate little head with learning? No, my angel, there's but one person among these people who comforts me, when I think of the day that will part us. Ha! do I see a little color coming into your cheeks? You sly girl! you know who it is. There's what I call a man! If I was as young as you are, and as pretty as you are—"

A warning gesture from Carmina closed Teresa's lips. Ovid was rapidly approaching them.

He looked a little annoyed, and he made his apologies without mentioning the doctor's name. His cousin was interested enough in him already to ask herself what this meant! Did he really dislike Benjulia, and had there been some disagreement between them?

"Was the tall doctor so very interesting?" she ventured to inquire.

"Not in the least!" He answered as if the subject was disagreeable to him—and yet he returned to it. "By-the-by, did you ever hear Benjulia's name mentioned at home in Italy?"

"Never! Did he know my father and mother?"

"He says so."

"Oh, do introduce me to him?"

"We must wait a little. He prefers being introduced to the monkey to-day. Where are Miss Minerva and the children?"

Teresa replied. She pointed to the monkey-house, and then drew Ovid aside. "Take her to see some more birds, and trust me to keep the governess out of your way," whispered the good creature. "Make love—hot love to her, doctor!"

In a minute more the cousins were out of sight. How are you to make love to a young girl after an acquaintance of a day or two? The question would have been easily answered by some men. It thoroughly puzzled Ovid.

"I am so glad to get back to you!" he said, honestly opening his mind to her. "Were you half as glad when you saw me return?"

He knew nothing of the devious and serpentine paths by which love finds the way to its



ends. It had not occurred to him to approach her with those secret tones and stolen looks which speak for themselves. She answered with the straightforward directness of which he had set the example.

"I hope you don't think me insensible to your kindness," she said. "I am more pleased and more proud than I can tell you."

"Proud?" Ovid repeated, not immediately understanding her.

"Why not?" she asked. "My poor father used to say you would be an honor to the family. Ought I not to be proud, when I find such a man taking so much notice of me?"

She looked at him shyly. At that moment he would have resigned all his prospects of celebrity for the privilege of kissing her. He made another attempt to bring her—in spirit—a little nearer to him.

"Carmina, do you remember where you first saw me?"

"Of course I do! It was in the concert-room. When I saw you there, I remembered passing you in the large square. It was a strange coincidence that you should have gone to the very concert where Teresa and I went to by accident."

Ovid ran the risk, and made his confession. "It was no coincidence," he said. "After our meeting in the square I followed you to the concert."

This bold avowal would have confused a less innocent girl. It only took Carmina by surprise.

"What made you follow us?" she asked.

"Us?" Did she suppose he had followed the old woman? Ovid lost no time in setting her right. "I didn't even see Teresa," he said. "I followed you."

She was silent. What did her silence mean? Was she confused, or was she still at a loss to understand him? That morbid sensitiveness, which was one of the most serious signs of his failing health, was by this time sufficiently irritated to hurry him into extremities. "Did you ever hear," he asked, "of such a thing as love at first sight?"

She started. Surprise, confusion, doubt, succeeded each other in rapid changes on her mobile and delicate face. Still silent, she roused her courage, and looked at him.

If he had returned the look, he would have told the story of his first love without another word to help him. But his shattered nerves made him timid, at the moment of all others when it was his interest to be bold. The fear that he might have allowed himself to speak too freely—a weakness which would never have misled him in his days of health and strength—kept his eyes on the ground. She looked away again with a quick flush of shame. When such a man as Ovid spoke of love at first sight, what an instance of her own vanity it was to have thought that his mind was dwelling on her! He had kindly lowered himself to the level of a girl's intelligence, and had been trying to interest her by talking the language of romance. She was so dissatisfied with herself that she made a movement to turn back.

He was too bitterly disappointed, on his side, to attempt to prolong the interview. A deadly sense of weakness was beginning to overpower him. It was the inevitable result of his utter want of care for himself. After a sleepless night, he had taken a long walk before breakfast; and to these demands on his failing reserves of strength, he had now added the fatigue of dawdling about a garden. Physically and morally he had no energy left.

"I didn't mean it," he said to Carmina, sadly; "I am afraid I have offended you."

"Oh, how little you know me," she cried, "if you think that!"

This time their eyes met. The truth dawned on her—and he saw it.

He took her hand. The clammy coldness of his grasp startled her. "Do you still wonder why I followed you?" he asked. The words were so faintly uttered that she could barely hear them. Heavy drops of perspiration stood on his forehead; his face faded to a gray and ghastly whiteness—he staggered, and tried desperately to catch at the branch of a tree near them. She threw her arms round him. With all her little strength she tried to hold him up. Her utmost effort only availed to drag him to the grass-plot by their side, and to soften his fall. Even as the cry for help passed her lips, she saw help coming. A tall man was approaching her—not running, even when he saw what had happened; only stalking with long strides. He was followed by one of the keepers of the gardens. Doctor Benjulia had his sick monkey to take care of. He kept the creature sheltered under his long frock-coat.

"Don't do that, if you please," was all the doctor said, as Carmina tried to lift Ovid's head from the grass. He spoke with his customary composure, and laid his hand on the heart of the fainting man as coolly as if it had been the heart of a stranger. "Which of you two can run the fastest?" he asked, looking backwards and forwards between Carmina and the keeper. "I want some brandy."

The refreshment-room was within sight. Before the keeper quite understood what was required of him, Carmina was speeding over the grass like Atalanta herself.

Benjulia looked after her, with his usual grave attention. "That wench can run," he said to himself, and turned once more to Ovid. "In his state of health, he's been fool enough to over-exert himself." So he disposed of the case in his own mind. Having done that, he remembered the monkey, deposited for the time being on the grass. "Too cold for him," he remarked, with more appearance of interest than he had shown yet. "Here, keeper! Pick up the monkey till I'm ready to take him again." The man hesitated.

"He might bite me, sir."

"I lick him up," the doctor reiterated; "he can't bite anybody after what I've done to him." The monkey was indeed in a state of stupor. The keeper obeyed his instructions, looking half-stupefied himself; he seemed to

be even more afraid of the doctor than of the monkey. "Do you think I'm the devil?" Benjulia asked with dismal irony. The man looked as if he would say "Yes," if he dared.

Carmina came running back with the brandy. The doctor smelt it first, and then took notice of her. "Out of breath?" he said.

"Why don't you give him the brandy?" she answered, impatiently.

"Strong lungs," Benjulia proceeded, sitting down cross-legged by Ovid, and administering the stimulant without hurrying himself. "Some girls would not have been able to speak after such a run as you have had. I didn't think much of you or your lungs when you were a baby."

"Is he coming to himself?" Carmina asked.

"Do you know what a pump is?" Benjulia rejoined. "Very well, a pump sometimes gets out of order. Give the carpenter time, and he'll put it right again." He let his mighty hand drop on Ovid's breast. "This pump is out of order; and I'm the carpenter. Give me time, and I'll set it right again. You're not a bit like your mother."

Watching eagerly for the slightest signs of recovery in Ovid's face, Carmina detected a faint return of color. She was so relieved that she was able to listen to the doctor's oddly discursive talk, and even to join in it. "Some of our friends used to think I was like my father," she answered.

"Did they?" said Benjulia—and shut his thin-lipped mouth like a trap—shut it as if he was determined to drop the subject for ever.

Ovid stirred feebly, and half opened his eyes.

Benjulia got up. "You don't want me any longer," he said. "Now, Mr. Keeper, give me back the monkey." He dismissed the man, and tucked the monkey under one arm as if it had been a bundle. "There are your friends," he resumed, pointing to the end of the walk. "Good-day."

Carmina stopped him. Too anxious to stand on ceremony, she laid her hand on his arm. He shook it off not angrily; just brushing it away, as he might have brushed away the ash of his cigar or a splash of mud in the street.

"What does this fainting fit mean?" she asked, timidly. "Is Ovid going to be ill?"

"Seriously ill—unless you do the right thing with him, and do it at once." He walked away. She followed him, humbly and yet resolutely. "Tell me, if you please," she said, "what we are to do?" He looked back over his shoulder. "Send him away."

She returned, and knelt down by Ovid—still slowly reviving. With a fond and gentle hand, she wiped the moisture from his forehead.

"Just as we were beginning to understand each other!" she said to herself, with a sad little sigh.

(To be continued.)

#### Facts of Interest.

THE "Nilometer," or instrument used in measuring the annual rise of the Nile, is situated on the Island of Roda, opposite Old Cairo. It consists of a square well or chamber, in the centre of which is a graduated pillar divided into seventeen cubits. The state of the river is proclaimed daily in the streets of Cairo during the inundation by several criers, to each of whom a particular district is assigned. The usual maximum of the rise is from twenty-four to twenty-six feet.

No successful substitute for the teasel-plant has yet been devised, and the nap on woolen cloth will probably for generations be raised by the little hooks, not too strong but just strong enough, which arm the stalks of this curious little shrub. For a long time the woolen manufacturers denied that the American plant was fit for use, but when the war of the rebellion broke out it was discovered that the home-grown teasel surpassed the French growth in every respect. Over one-half of the teasel crop of the United States is grown in two towns of Onondaga County, N. Y.

EX-GOVERNOR STANFORD'S horse-farm, near San Francisco, is probably the most complete establishment of the kind in this country, if not in the world. The estate consists of about 2,000 acres, and in its broad pastures and spacious stables 550 horses pass their lives in a sort of equine paradise. Among them are General Benton, record 2:20; Electioneer, 2:24; Hindoo Rose, 2:36; Piedmont, 2:17; Mayflower, 2:17; and May Fly, 2:24. The Governor's experiments in the photography of moving horses have gained him world-wide fame.

FLORIDA has discovered that the crocodile inhabits the lagoons of the peninsula. It is found deep down in the mud, where it has long been confounded with the alligator. The Indians call it the "long-nosed alligator." It is identical with the Jamaica crocodile, but differs from the South American cayman. It lives in salt water, while the alligator sticks to fresh water.

THE smallest circular saw in practical use is a disk about the size of a five-cent piece, being employed for cutting slits in gold pens. They are about as thick as ordinary paper, and make four hundred revolutions per minute, this high speed keeping them rigid, notwithstanding their extreme thinness.

A NORTH CAROLINA man has invented a folding barrel or hoghead for use in transporting dry material. The heads may be taken out, the staves rolled together, and the whole thing made barrel-shape again with a few quick motions.

THE northernmost place in the world where rye and oats mature is at Kengis, in the Swedish province of Norrbotten, forty-nine miles north of the Polar Circle, whereas the northernmost spot where corn is grown is at Muoniovara, ninety-eight miles to north of the Circle. The rye yields, it is stated, ninety-eight per cent., and the oats about ninety.

THE largest diamond cutting house in the world is in Amsterdam, employing four hundred persons, where the Koh-i-noor was cut. This trade is difficult, and the wages are from \$7 to \$12 or even \$14 a day.

WHILE the foundation, or pillars, for the railroad bridge across the Flint River, at Montezuma, Ga., was being constructed, one of the workmen placed a load in the crevice of a rock and fitted another rock over the crevice, and then made the abode of the load airtight by means of mortar. After sixteen years, when it became necessary to repair the pillar, the workman who placed the load in it remembered the circumstance, and, upon examination, found the load still alive.

SAN FRANCISCO'S death rate for the past year was the highest for a decade, 21.34 per 1,000, the alarming increase being chiefly ascribed to bad sewers, defective drainage, poor quarantine facilities and the liability to epidemics consequent upon having so large a number of Chinese domiciled in the heart of the city. Chinatown, however, is in much better sanitary condition than ever before, and the death

rate there is not very much higher than in the rest of the city, notwithstanding the fearful overcrowding and filth.

AN extraordinary geological phenomenon is reported from Branzholme, near Hamilton, Victoria, where forty-five acres of land slipped towards the creek and then were suddenly arrested. Large trees were raised seven feet above the ordinary level, and a farmhouse has risen ten feet. Some water springs in the vicinity have changed from fresh to salt.

CONSUMPTION is killing off the Stockbridge Indians along Lake Winnebago. The disease is steadily increasing among them, and but few reach the age of thirty without an attack of it.

A GREAT NORTHERN RAILROAD train, with an eight-feet single driver outside cylinder engine, lately ran from Leeds to London, 186½ miles, in exactly three hours—sixty-two miles an hour.

THE immigration from Great Britain to Canada nearly doubled during the quarter ending June 30th. The total number of immigrants during that time was 28,643, against 16,536 for the same period in 1881, and the immigration from all quarters up to June 30th was 180,806, against 168,291 in 1881.

#### THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Ninety Per Cent. of the yellow sand of the Sahara Desert is found to be quartz grains, the angles of which are remarkably rounded—evidently by attrition through the action of the wind.

In order to secure greater purity in the atmosphere of the St. Gothard Tunnel, an attempt is to be made to propel the locomotives by electricity. Experiments, for which 180,000 francs have been appropriated, are now being made at Berne with this object.

Telephonic Communications have recently been interchanged between Brussels and Paris, the problem of executing these having been solved by M. Van Rysselberghe's new invention. The French Government, it is said, has just purchased this new system for a million francs, the Belgian Government, to whom the inventor had offered it, having refused to buy it.

Professor Baden Powell, an eminent scientist, shows that the dangers of ballooning are exaggerated. In England there have only been six deaths in some six thousand ascents, and four of these were due to passengers jumping out or being thrown out of the car and coming into collision with some object in a violent wind. A couple of cords twined around the car lines would have prevented this.

It is Proposed to establish a "German Botanical Society" for the whole of the "Vaterland," founded on, and an extension of, the already existing "Botanical Society for the Province of Brandenburg." A conference for the purpose of founding the new society is summoned to meet at Eisenach on September 16th, the signers of the call including many of the most distinguished botanists from all parts of Germany.

A New Gas-lamp with two pipes has been successfully treated in England. One pipe supplies gas in the usual way and the other furnishes air slightly compressed by the weight of a column of water. Upon the burner is a cap of fine platinum wire gauze which, a few seconds after the current of mingled gas and air has been ignited, gives a brilliant incandescent glow like that of the electric lamp. Arrangements have been made for lighting several London thoroughfares with this light, which, it is asserted, is cheaper than the ordinary gas-light.

Some Balloon Experiments have lately been tried in Germany with a new form of aërostat. Although filled with hydrogen, it will not of itself ascend, for its total weight is 19½ pounds above that of the air which it displaced. A system of vanes actuated by machinery in the car causes the balloon to ascend, or to travel in any required direction. The motor, the nature of which is not stated, is said to weigh eighty pounds, and to give a force of four horse-power. The experiments were thoroughly successful; but—and there is a good deal in this "but"—the weather was exceptionally calm.

A Recent Communication by M. Boizard to a French horticultural society recommends the employment in hot-houses of the vapor of tobacco-juice for the destruction of insect pests. The mode of procedure is as follows: A small quantity of the juice is boiled for two hours, then water is added, and the mixture is boiled more briskly until it all disappears in the form of vapor. The tenderest plants are not injured by this treatment; but it should not be attempted on a hot day. The greater part of the insects fall to the ground; the rest die on the plants. Plants thus treated may be considered safe from the attack of most insects for about six months.

An Automatic Instrument for closing a gas supply at a given time has been devised by Herr Michaelis, a German, and successfully tested. It looks like a small, round alarm-clock, and has on either side a nipple, for connection of the caoutchouc tubing by which the gas passes through the body of the clock. A hand corresponding to that of an alarm is set to the hour at which the gas is to be shut off; a wheel liberated at that hour closes a cock on the tube within the instrument. There is a slit in the top of the clock, with a projecting brass arm connected with the clock. By turning this arm, one may, independently of the clockwork, lessen, or shut off altogether, the supply of gas. The apparatus will serve for other kinds of gas besides luminous, and it may be used for the automatic stoppage of gas-motors.

#### Death-roll of the Week.

AUGUST 20TH.—At Brooklyn, N. Y., Dr. Lester Keep, one of the oldest physicians in the city, aged 86. August 21st.—At Jamestown, N. Y., Rev. I. George, a well-known Universalist clergyman, aged 65; at Danmora, N. Y., John Parkhurst, formerly the warden of Clinton Prison; at Portland, Me., James T. McCobb, formerly Mayor, aged 71; at San Francisco, Cal., B. B. Bedding, Land Commissioner of the Central Pacific Railroad and formerly Secretary of State, aged 60; at Florence, Italy, James Ewing Cooley, formerly of New York, and founder of the book trade sales; at Paris, France, Edmund Alexandre Morin, a well-known French painter and designer, aged 58; at St. Petersburg, Russia, Admiral Frederick de Lutke, a celebrated Russian navigator, aged 84. August 22nd.—At White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., Gardner A. Sprague, of New York, a prominent civil engineer; at Ouzay, Col., Ira Y. Munn, Mayor of the city, and formerly a prominent Chicagoan, aged 73; at London, England, Sir Woodbine Parish, long in the diplomatic service. August 23rd.—At Meriden, Conn., John Evans, a prominent manufacturer, aged 75; at Saratoga, N. Y., Mrs. Horace White, of Syracuse, N. Y., mother of President White, of Cornell University; at Dublin, Ireland, Charles James Kieckhefer, one of the Fenian leaders, and a writer of some reputation, aged 57. August 24th.—At Lake George, N. Y., Rev. Dr. A. D. Gillette, a prominent Baptist clergyman, aged 74; at Philadelphia, Pa., Rev. Dr. George W. Musgrave, a well-known Presbyterian divine, aged 77; Jane Mitchell, matron of Girard College from its opening until two years ago. August 25th.—At Hartford, Conn., Timothy M. Allen, ex-mayor and one of the oldest and wealthiest citizens, aged 82; at Cambridge, Mass., Abijah E. Hildreth, a prominent manufacturer, in Stafford County, Va., Richard C. L. Moncure, President of the Supreme Court of Georgia, aged 77; at Iowa City, J. D. Templin, one of the oldest lawyers in Iowa; in Rome, Italy, Louis Rubio, the Italian painter, aged 85.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

"Almost home" were Ben. Hill's last words.

WAGNER has sold the score of "Parsifal" to the Mayence publishers for \$47,500.

GENERAL G. K. WARRREN left his family almost penniless, and a fund will be raised for them.

THE statement that Mr. John Bright was about to visit this country is authoritatively denied.

LORD RIPON recently appointed a native, Baboo Romesh Chander Mitter, to act for the Chief Justice of India.

THE Sultan of Turkey has conferred upon James Gordon Bennett a decoration of the second class in the Order of Osmanli.

MRS. GARFIELD is being worried by innumerable invitations to attend Sunday-school anniversaries, all of which she declines.

MRS. MARIE ROSE-MAPLESON has just inherited \$8,000 under the will of her grandmother (after whom she was named) in Paris.

MINISTER MORTON has leased the proscenium box at the Paris Opera House directly opposite that belonging to President Grévy.

It is announced that the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise are about to make a tour of the West from Detroit to San Francisco.

DR. LAWRENCE A. WASHINGTON, grandnephew and nearest living relative of the Father of his Country, died recently in Denison, Tex., at the age of 65.

FATHER MARQUETTE'S grave at St. Ignace, Mich., which has been shamefully neglected for years, is to be inclosed with an iron fence, and a handsome shaft will be erected.

THE two British Princes, Albert Victor and George of Wales, who have been making the tour of the world, have just been confirmed at Whippingham Church, Newport, Isle of Wight.

It is reported in England that a great-grandson of Daniel Defoe is in indigent circumstances, and a penny subscription from readers of "Robinson Crusoe" is proposed for his relief.

"GRANDMA GARFIELD" left the Mentor homestead, last week, for a visit to her son who lives at Jamestown, Mich. Crowds gathered at the stations along the route to see her.

EDWIN G. MERCER, for many years gardener for the post Longfellow, died at Burlingame, Kan., a few days ago. He left among his papers some interesting autograph letters from the poet.

MRS. FANNY SPRAGUE, the mother of ex-Governor William Sprague, of Rhode Island, died with her three sisters in Groton, Conn., the other day. The added ages of the four made 349 years and nine months.

TRENNOR W. PARK, the Vermont millionaire, is about to give a beautiful estate of 200 acres in Bennington, for the purpose of a home for destitute children and aged women, endowing it with a fund of \$500,000.

SENATOR HILL'S physicians say that the cancer which killed him was caused by tobacco. He had a habit of holding a cigar almost constantly in his mouth, and keeping the nicotine-coated end against the left side of his tongue.

A. J. RANIER, a negro who, during the reconstruction period, was Lieutenant-Governor of South Carolina, and member of Congress, has just died at Charleston in abject poverty, having been of late a common street laborer.

CREWEYTO was more amused than impressed by his visit to the British House of Commons, and actually yawned with weariness during some of the speeches. Of the House of Lords he thought still less, remaining there only a couple of minutes.

FLORENCE MARRIAT, the novelist, has gone on the stage. She recently appeared at Southampton, England, in the character of *Lady Jane*, in Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience," having accepted an engagement with Mr. D'Oyly Carte's company.

ARCHBISHOP GOOLD, of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Melbourne, Australia, was recently shot at and slightly wounded. His assailant is named O'Farrell, and says he is a brother of the man who attempted to assassinate the Duke of Edinburgh at Sydney in March, 1868.

MISS MARIANNE NORTH, who recently gave to Kew Gardens, London, a gallery erected at her own expense and filled with her own paintings of rare flowers from almost every part of the globe, has started for Africa, the only quarter yet unrepresented, and will spend a year painting the characteristic flora.

JOHN BROWN'S widow came on from her California home to attend the meeting called at Ogden's Grove, Chicago, August 23d, for the purpose of raising funds to build a monument to her husband's memory, but the affair was sadly mismanaged and proved a complete failure so far as raising money was concerned.

ROSE, the devoted servant of Rachel, has just died at the advanced age of eighty-one years. She remained five-and-twenty years in the service of the great actress, accompanied her everywhere, and closed her eyes when she died Rachel's two sisters, Dinah and Leah, at her death, had taken Rose to live with them as their friend and companion.

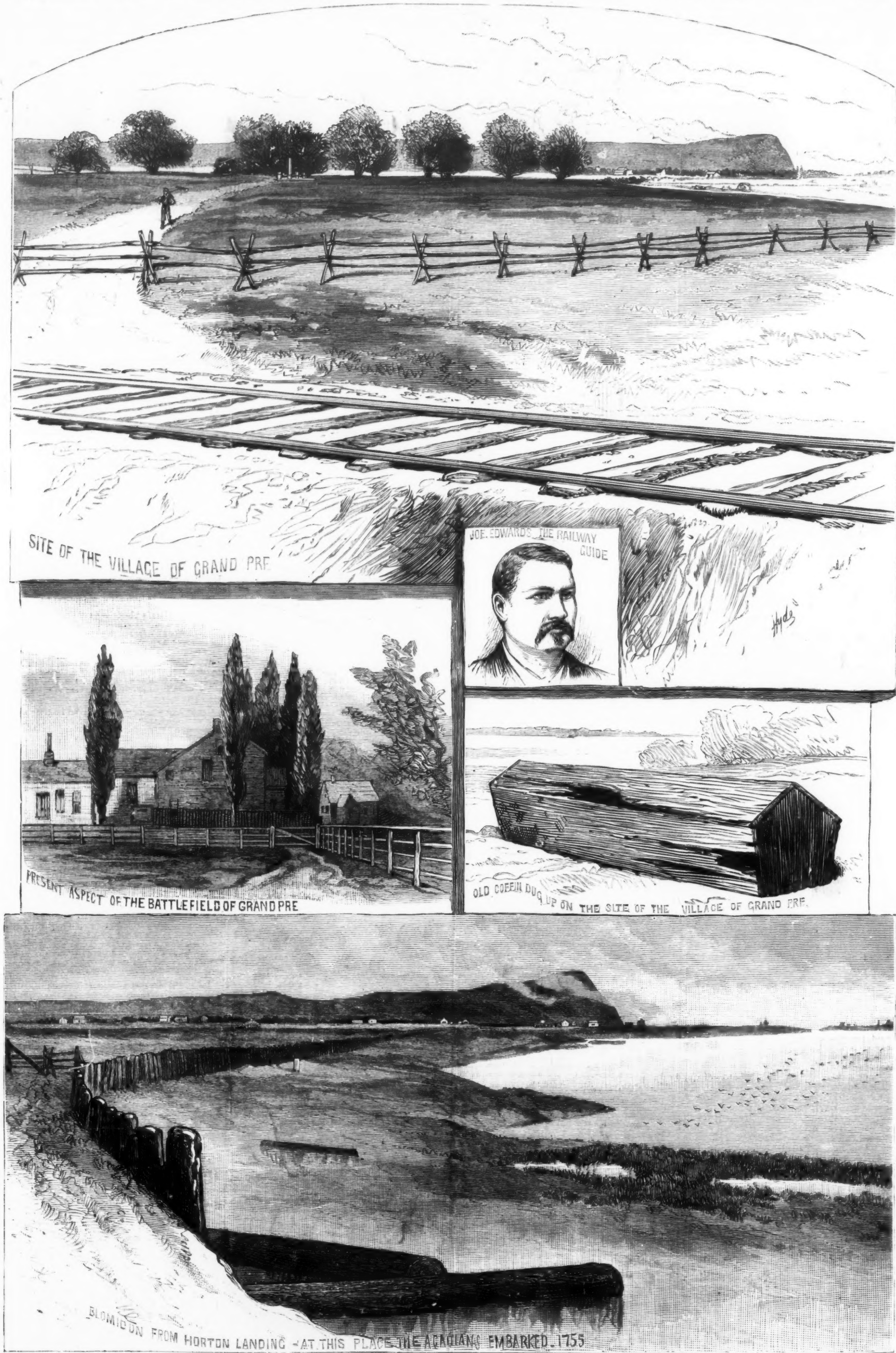
JUDON KELLEY, of Pennsylvania, who went out to Colorado to deliver the address at the opening of the Denver Mining Exposition, has spent considerable time in the state and has been given royal ovations. At Pueblo he was drawn through the streets in his carriage, crowned with a laurel wreath and flowers, by nearly three hundred miners and iron-mill laborers, accompanied by banners and bands of music.

A SUIT has been brought in the Paris courts against M. Damala, the husband of Mile. Sarah Bernhardt, by Mile. Minelli, a professional singer, who claims a sum of 35,000 francs, money advanced to the defendant before his marriage. The fair plaintiff represents that she paid many bills due to tailors, haters, perfumers and laundresses who worked for M. Damala, and also defrayed the cost of his artistic education.

EX-SENATOR GORDON is talked of as the successor of Senator Hill, of Georgia. General Gordon resigned in order to engage in mining and railway enterprises, which, it is said, have been very successful. Alexander H. Stephens is also spoken of for the vacant place; and should he be elected to the Governorship there is no doubt that he will be an important and formidable candidate. The name of Mr. Emory Speer, the Independent Congressman from Northern Georgia, is also mentioned.

MRS. ROCHILA BLAIR, daughter of Colonel L. W. R. Blair, the leading Greenback politician in South Carolina, who was recently killed at Camden by Captain J. L. Hall, committed suicide last week at her father's late residence by taking poison. A singular fatality has attended Colonel Blair's family. His grandfather was hanged for murder; his father committed suicide when a member of Congress; he himself was tried for murder, and was at last killed in a street fight, and now his daughter has committed suicide.



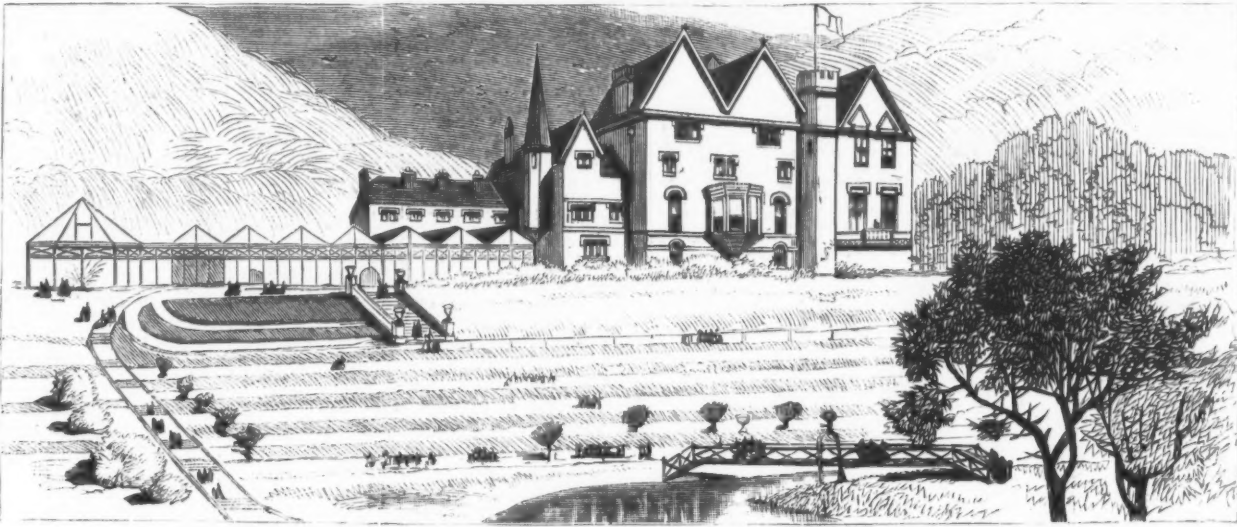


SKETCHES FROM THE LAND OF "EVANGELINE"—AN ARTIST'S DAY AT GRAND PRÉ AND THE BASIN OF MINAS, N. S.



HOME OF MADAME  
ADELINA PATTI.

CRAIG-Y-NOS, or "Rock of Might," the residence of Madame Patti, stands in the narrow valley of the River Tawe, about twenty miles above Swansea, Wales. The surroundings are wild and picturesque, the mountains frowning gloomily far and near. The Castle stands on an elevation above the river, the space between being filled by a sloping terraced lawn and shrubbery; and, in spite of its mixed and inferior architecture, it has a very picturesque appearance. The most striking feature is the immense winter garden, or conservatory, a device of Patti herself, who wishes to obtain pure air and an equable temperature here during the tempestuous weather with which the valley is frequently visited. The covered garden seems, indeed, a fragment of the southern world set down in the severe North. Everything is arranged



GREAT BRITAIN.—CRAIG-Y-NOS CASTLE, BRECONSHIRE, THE RESIDENCE OF MADAME ADELINA PATTI.

its commander. In 1861 he went to Japan in command of the steam-sloop *Wyoming*, and was absent until 1864. He greatly distinguished himself there in bringing to subjection one of the most powerful and influential of the Japanese daimios or princes, the Prince of Negato. This Prince, in his hatred of foreigners, and in violation of the treaty with our Government, had closed by force the Strait of Simonsaki, the chief passage to the principal inland sea of the empire. The American bark *Pembroke* had been fired upon and forced to retreat. In this crisis Captain McDougal received instructions to proceed to the scene and redress the insult to our flag. The engagement, in which he fought six batteries and three ships of war, has been characterized as furnishing one of the brightest chapters of our naval exploits, the *Wyoming* losing but eleven men, and the Japanese meeting with a heavy loss, besides the sinking of two of their vessels of



THE LATE REAR-ADMIRAL DAVID S. McDOUGAL.  
FROM A PHOTO. BY MORSE.

still grasps the bridle-rein of his plunging steed, while his head is supported by a comrade, the orderly sergeant of the company. The latter stands in front of the fallen man with drawn sword, determined to defend him against the advancing foe. The horse, thoroughly frightened, has reared on his hind legs, and, with distended nostrils and flowing mane, is about to gallop off. The position of the figures, the expression of agony, determination and terror depicted on the faces, are all true to life. On the ground, scattered about, are the bugle, hat and carbine of the dying soldier. This group is about 10½ feet high and weighs 5,500 pounds. It has required about one year to do the work.

The monument occupies a commanding position in the cemetery, standing 98 feet in height from the base; it cost \$136,550, and each group \$13,700, making the entire cost of the work \$206,550. Larkin G. Mead was the designer, and the statuary work has been done under the supervision of Melzar H. Mesman, the Ames Company's foreman.

THE LATE REAR-ADMIRAL McDOUGAL, U. S. NAVY.

IN the death, at San Francisco, on the 7th ult., of Rear-Admiral David Stockton McDougal, the United States Navy lost one of its most distinguished officers and the country one who had served it with conspicuous fidelity for nearly half a century. Born at Chillicothe, Ohio, in September, 1809, at the age of eighteen he entered the Naval Academy at Annapolis on the same day with the late Rear-Admirals John Rodgers and Scott, both of whom died in Washington only a few months since. In 1834 he was assigned to duty at the New York Navy Yard, and from 1836 to 1839 was on the sloop *Natchez*, forming part of the West India fleet. In February, 1841, he was commissioned Lieutenant and attached to the brig *Consort*, and afterwards to the steamer *Nichigan*, on the lakes, and to the sloop *St. Marys*. At the capture of Vera Cruz he was attached to the *Mississippi*; in 1848 he went to the coast of Africa on the *Bianbridge*, and between that time and 1855 he made a number of other cruises to different parts of the world. In 1855 he was ordered to California to take command of the storeship *Warren*, and in the following year, on the arrival of Admiral (then Captain) Farragut, the families of both these officers took up their residence on that ship, lying just off Mare Island. Subsequently, on the establishment of the present Navy Yard, he was made its executive officer, ultimately becoming



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, COMMANDING  
THE THIRD BRITISH BRIGADE IN EGYPT.

so that the garden may not only be pleasant to visit occasionally, but may be a really luxurious resort. On her recent return to her home, Patti was welcomed in grand style by her neighbors, who presented her with an illuminated address, while a youth of sixteen sang a song of welcome which had been composed by a workman of the neighborhood. Subsequently Patti sang, with perfect simplicity and wonderful feeling, the ballad "Home, Sweet Home," pointing, as she concluded it, to the beautiful view from the window, where the cliff Craig-y-Nos towers above the shining stream of the Tawe.

MAJOR-GEN. ALISON.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, who commands the Third Brigade of British troops in Egypt, is now in the fifty-sixth year of his age, having been born in 1826. At the age of twenty-seven he entered the Seventy-second Highlanders, and his career from the first has been eminently honorable. He served in the Crimean War, and was military secretary to Lord Clyde during the Indian mutiny. At the relief of Lucknow Sir Archibald lost an arm. He was second in command in the Ashantee expedition. In 1874 he was Deputy Adjutant-general in Ireland, and is now Chief of the Intelligence Department at the War Office. Since his arrival in Egypt, he has been conspicuous in the operations about Alexandria. He is brave to a fault, and in a recent reconnaissance walked in advance of his lines for the purpose of minutely inspecting the enemy's position. He at once became a mark for the Arab shells, five of which fell around him as he walked back, never quickening his pace, the nearest coming within a few yards of him.

CAVALRY GROUP  
OF THE  
LINCOLN MONUMENT.

THE final group intended for the national Lincoln Monument at Oak Ridge Cemetery, in Springfield, Ill., has just been finished at the statuary department of the Ames Manufacturing Company, Chicopee, Mass. The figures comprising the group are heroic in size and are quite imposing in appearance. The scene represented is supposed to have occurred on one of the battle-fields of the late war; a shell has exploded in front of a cavalryman's horse, and the wounded man has fallen to the ground in a dying condition; one arm is raised above his head, and he



ILLINOIS.—THE CAVALRY GROUP FOR THE NATIONAL LINCOLN MONUMENT AT SPRINGFIELD.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

war. The American residents of Japan, in honor of this victory, presented Commander McDougal with a complete silver service, each of the larger pieces bearing upon it an engraving of the action. The late unanimous report of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations states that the affair was peculiarly creditable to Captain McDougal and his men, since they show that the *Wyoming* was in a comparatively unknown channel, and that the victory was due to the highest skill and intrepidity. The Japanese Government afterwards paid three-quarters of a million dollars to the United States as indemnity, and of which sum \$140,000 went to the *Wyoming* as prize-money. Upon his return he was appointed Commandant of the Navy Yard at Mare Island, and in 1868 he assumed command of the South Pacific Squadron, with the *Powhatan* as his flagship. In 1871 he was made a Rear-Admiral, and upon his retirement from the Navy he adopted San Francisco as his residence. Admiral McDougal was a descendant, in the direct line, of Richard Stockton, one of the signers of the Declaration, and Commodore Robert F. Stockton one of California's early Territorial Governors, was his cousin. John McDougal, his brother, was the second Governor of California after her admission to the Union.

THE  
LAND OF "EVANGELINE."  
GRAND PRÉ AND THE HOMES  
OF THE ACADIANS.

NO part of our country can boast a more beautiful coast scenery than the valley of Grand Pré, in Nova Scotia. In fact, its beauties transcend the charms which delight us in the spots most honored by the verdict of popular favor. "As you approach, the great waters of Minas appear; then Blomidon bursts on the sight, and below, curving like a scimitar around the edge of the basin, and against the distant cliffs that shut out the stormy Bay of Fundy, is the Acadian land—the idyllic meadows of Grand Pré lie at your feet."

The natural beauties now strike the eye, and the traveler pauses to take them in with delight; but the memory of Longfellow's "Evangeline" throws a sadness over the scene, and imagination calls up the picture of Grand Pré as it was before its ruthless destruction by the English in 1755. The eye rests on clumps of weeping willows—these, with the dikes, are almost the only mementoes of a once happy people. Church and house, smithy and hall,



have vanished; only the coffin dead remain to guard the old homes, and even God's acre, disturbed by the spade of the new comer, gives up at times the stout old coffin of the last century, with its peaked cover, and the moldering bones of some Acadian worthy—some man, perhaps, who could boast his fourteen quarters of French noblesse, for no part of French America possessed more men of ancient and noble lineage.

Such was the fate of the colony. Port Royal fell into the hands of the English in 1710, and by the treaty of Utrecht three years later France forever renounced all claim to Acadia. Cape Breton became her new outpost. Louisbourg was to be a pillar of strength. France summoned the Acadians to settle around its walls; the English Governor of Nova Scotia, loath to see the frugal, industrious farmers depart, pressed the French to stay beyond the appointed two years. They remained, and, flattered and threatened in turn, lived their peaceful, happy lives, though ever and anon, as France and England unsheathed the sword, their eyes would brighten at the news of French victory or droop at her disgrace.

The Acadians who remembered the French flag passed away; a new generation was born on the soil beneath the banner of England, subjects to the British crown; many of them were borne to the village graveyard, and a third generation was growing up.

Suddenly the prejudices, the latent hate or mean cowardice, of Lieutenant-Governor Lawrence decreed that these peaceful men should be swept away from their homes. They were not French subjects, they had not taken up arms, they had committed no overt act of hostility or formed any secret plot. There was no recognized ground for the terrible scheme. It was determined to perpetrate. But the flat had gone forth; and to give some color to the act, recourse was had to the penal laws of Great Britain, passed from time to time against the Roman Catholics. Troops and vessels were summoned from New England, and, twenty years before the Declaration of Independence, New England gave her brain and her right hand to enforce the doctrine that Acts of the Parliament of England were supreme law in the American colonies.

The Acadians were ordered to give up their arms. They did so reluctantly and with protest, as it left their fields and stock exposed to the wild animals, which had rapidly increased as the Indians retired. They sent a memorial to Lawrence, but he sternly told them that, by the laws of England, Catholics were not allowed to possess arms, and he insisted that the deputies should take the oath of allegiance. They offered to renew that always taken in the province—an oath of fidelity and an oath not to give aid to the King's enemies. As Catholics they could not take the oath declaring their religion false; they asked to return and consult their people. This was refused, and they were ordered into confinement. Alarmed at last, they offered to take the oath, but were told peremptorily that under an Act of George I. those who once refused to take the oath could not be allowed to do so; that for them and the whole Acadian population the time was now past.

Vessels and troops were at once dispatched to the various points, and the soldiers landed under the protection of the cannon of the men-of-war. The movement excited no alarm among the people, who went on gayly getting in the rich harvest and storing it in their teaming barns.

On the 2d of September, 1755, Winslow, the commander, summoned all men, old and young, to meet in the church at Grand Pré. Somewhat astonished, but still unconscious of the terrible future, the men silently gathered in; only a few, in alarm, seized concealed weapons and fled to the woods. Once within the church, they were surrounded by the troops, and Winslow read a proclamation "that it is peremptorily His Majesty's orders that the whole French inhabitants of these districts be removed, and I am, through His Majesty's goodness, directed to allow you liberty to carry off your money and household goods as many as you can without discommoding the vessels." The women and children were then driven from the houses and encamped on the shore for embarkation. To and fro the boats went, bearing men from the church or women from the shore, without regard to family ties, to the wants of infancy or age. To add to the terror of the scene, squads of the soldiers were seen pillaging the houses and barns, slaughtering cattle and stock, and at last setting fire to all that human industry had reared in the smiling valley of Grand Pré. One thousand nine hundred and twenty-three persons were carried off at this place; and in the district of Minas 255 houses, 276 barns, 11 mills and a church, were given to the flames. Elsewhere the scene was repeated, and the fleet sailed, bearing seven thousand subjects of Great Britain from the desert made by Lawrence and Winslow.

These unfortunate people were landed in parties in the different colonies from Massachusetts to Georgia; but this last colony refused to receive them, declaring it a violation of her charter, which, in terms, declared that no Catholics were to enter it.

In fact, though the people of Georgia and South Carolina added these unfortunate people to make boats and in other ways to reach St. Domingo and French Islands, or to coast northward in hopes of reaching their old homes, Maryland received her exiles with the highest Christian kindness, and the Acadians thrived at Baltimore, where many now proudly claim descent from these victims of wrong. At New York Sir Charles Hardy seized some Acadians who were making their way north, and scattered them and his quota in the poorhouses of the province, leaving children from parents and sending them to remote colonies.

Many of these Acadians died of broken hearts, of disease and want; some reached Canada, and formed a settlement at L'Acadie; many made their way to the West Indies, and ultimately to Louisiana, where their descendants still occupy the country of the Tchoup, given them by the Spanish Government. France gathered what she could, the noble Duke de Nivernois especially exerting himself, and these obtained a tract at Montoliron, in Poitou, France, the Government and clergy giving them aid to establish new homes for those they had lost.

Longfellow looked on the scene that calls up these memories which make humanity blush. He heard in Acadian homes the legends of that terrible time, and of one still told in France, in Canada and in Louisiana he formed his poem "Evangeline," making her immortal in her unselfish search for the love of her youth whom she found only in age stretched on the bed of death.

## EGYPT—PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

### A CHAPTER OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

THE PRODUCTION on the subject of Egypt has been more prolific since the rise of Arabi Pasha than at any time of which the chronicler has made record. It may be said, without any disrespect to the literary guild, that at least seven-eighths of that has been written thereon can be summed up in a word less elegant than pointed and expressive—bosh! This is particularly true of the Press and periodical literature of England, France and the United States. It is true of England because, with rare exceptions, British publicists cannot discuss any subject affecting their colonial empire except from the standpoint of lofty selfishness. It is true of France, because France has long sought profitable dominion in Northern Africa, but has made little progress against Islam beyond finding a drill-ground for her troops. It is true of the United States, because thus far the avalanche of literature on Egypt since June has been simply a reflection of the English Press. After traveling in every province of Egypt, from the Mediterranean to the plateau of Central Africa, on a mission where I was compelled to exercise the closest possible observation—and this not in any national interest, but simply as an impartial witness of the strange institutions there existing—I am compelled to say that I have seldom met in print with a fair and judicial statement of the rights of Egypt and the Egyptian

people, with a correct statement of the origin of the present conflict, or a humanitarian view of the future of the afflicted people dwelling in Northern and Eastern Africa.

Assuming that human beings in whatever latitude have some rights—and I take it this is the prevailing idea of the century—would it be strange if such a political doctrine had reached the eastern end of the Mediterranean, and had ascended the Nile to the very heart of the continent? The vast majority of that suddenly born race of Egyptologists who now flood the publications of the world, teach us that there is no national movement in Egypt; that the armed demonstration under the lead of Arabi is the obedience of a timid and cowering population to the iron will of a strong man, ambitious alone to found a dynasty? How far is this true? That Arabi is a monster of no minor degree, a fanatical devotee to his religion and a more than would-be Sultan, his recent career has taught us beyond all cavil. Whence, however, comes his following? Some writers tell that it is the servile worship of the rising sun; but the *raison d'être* lies deeper than this. It is genuine hatred of the European; and it is true, as the Sultan recently remarked, that the Egyptians have good cause to hate the Franks. Wherever Europeans—particularly Englishmen—have gone in the Nile valley, from the sea to the Equator, the word bully would best characterize the individual colonist. Resonable to no native court or authority, under the judicial and ultimate sovereignty of his consul-general, each subject of a Western Power could, before the establishment of the International Tribunal, commit assault, robbery or murder, be tried only before the consular court of his nationality, which in no recorded instance ever decided in favor of the native as against the accused and guilty European. Therefore, wherever the natives came in contact with men from the temperate zone, the inequality of justice in their own homes, as between themselves and those they considered invaders and aggressors, became a constant theme among Egyptians of all classes, from the humble fellah to the divan of the Khédive, and the feeling was very bitter and very natural; and, given the opportunity, there could not be any other vent to this high-pitched indignation than relentless massacre.

I remember to have had several conversations with Ismail Pasha, the deposed Khédive, now sojourning in Paris, concerning the features of the domestic life of his country. This Prince, whatever his extravagances and dissolute tendencies, was certainly the most brilliant statesman that has appeared in Eastern politics since the death of Mehmet Ali. He was a clear-headed man, a rapid thinker, self-confident, open and fearless in his speech. His candor was extraordinary, and could scarcely have proceeded from any other feeling than one of absolute security in his throne. He said one day to me, while sitting in his little cabinet in the Abdin Palace, smoking furiously at his cigarette:

"The outside world cannot imagine my troubles. Leave alone the difficulty of leading a people like the Egyptians from their dark Eastern methods out into the sunlight of Western civilization, the most insurmountable obstacle is the hand of conservatism, each one exercising over the subjects of his own nationality a sovereign authority parallel with that of the Khédive over his subjects. This in effect makes nineteen Khédives in Egypt. What is the result? Constant attacks on my treasury by designing adventurers! Almost every stranger who comes to Egypt has a 'claim'; and my ministers are hurried to death by the consideration of these fraudulent devices for obtaining money. It is often, very often, that they are supported by the conservatism, and then," continued the Khédive, with a merry chuckle, "I have to give these gentry a handsome little present. But by far the worst evil is the brutal conduct of the Europeans towards my people; and you probably may some time witness the day when their forbearance will cease, and such horrible massacres as those of Jeddah and Damascus will recur here in my capital!" Several other conversations with the Khédive, at that time holding full sway over his people and full control of the finances, confirmed me in an impression to which I observe that the Khédive has within the past few weeks given form in the following words: "The revolt is, of course, inexcusable. There is no reason why Arabi should not be exterminated, and there is no further reason." *By Mohammedanism, he would be incompatible with civilization.* I tried to instruct my people up to this level, while permitting no undermining of their faith, although toleration was accorded to all other religions."

Had it been possible under any Egyptian Government to carry out this doctrine, unembarrassed by material considerations, I am satisfied that the last ten years would have brought the inhabitants of Lower Egypt nearly abreast of the lower class of European populations along the north shore of the Mediterranean. The enterprise undertaken by this sovereign, now living in luxurious exile in Europe, were worthy of such projects as have marked the careers of men like Oakes Ames, Henry Meigs and James B. Eads. He went further, too, than mere internal improvements; he endeavored by every expedient of statecraft to promote a kindly feeling between his people and the Europeans. This, however, was frustrated on the accession of the Board of Control, appointed through the demands of England in the first instance and seconded by France. As the Sultan has very truly declared, the educated Egyptians did not understand why foreigners should come in to occupy the leading positions in the State, monopolize the minor offices at high salaries and actually take possession of the country. Arabi only took advantage of this very natural feeling against "carpet-baggers," and hence his power and popularity to-day. It is, moreover, singular that there has never been exhibited any religious or race hostility towards Americans, of whom there were at a time more than twenty holding high positions in the army, the Chief of Staff, the Molke of the service—being General Charles P. Stone—Stone Pasha—an unsuccessful Union General of our Civil War. The explanation is, Americans were never Egyptian bondholders.

In view of these facts, it seems to me that Egypt, up to the time of the massacre in Alexandria, had rights which the Western Powers were bound to recognize; but, acting with the timidity which Premiers and Chancellors exhibit in the presence of a threatened general war, England alone took the bull by the horns, and the time cannot be long distant before her armies will occupy the entire Delta. Then will come the question as to the future of Egypt—a very difficult problem to solve.

It is to be noticed also that few have considered the effect of the Eastern conflict on the future of the African Sudan, a belt of territory comprising ten degrees of latitude to northward of the Equator and stretching from ocean to ocean. This region has during more than half a century been the harvest-ground of the slave-trade, and is estimated to contain more than 50,000,000 of people. Owing to geographical conditions, the natural outlet to civilization of this vast area is down the Nile. With this knowledge Ismail Pasha began the construction of his Central African railway, with eminent engineers to survey the operations. Had not his downfall occurred, and had he been able to compound with his creditors, I believe he would ere this have begun to rescue Egypt from insolvency; for, stretching away from Khartoum, the confluence of the Blue and White Nile, is a vast cotton and sugar empire three times the size of France, watered by rainfall during six months of the year, and where the staples have been grown by the rudest agricultural methods to a perfection that exceeds any like production in India or the United States. In providing overland transportation by rail to replace the slow-moving caravans, Ismail Pasha knew that he could herd the negro savages on the great alluvial plains of the Sudan and convert them into industrious tillers of the soil; and it was thus when overwhelmed by debt that he hoped to compete with the United States as a great planter, pay off his obligations and consolidate his dominions. That this had every chance of success I can vouch for personally, for, at the joint request of the Khédive and Cherif

Pasha, I traveled over this entire territory and observed its wonderful fertility, and the ease by which the native tribes could be induced to work in the fields the living day for mere bread and salt, and going unclad in the central African swamps and jungles to perish from every form of exposure and disease. But the daring dream of Ismail was not to be realized. The bondholders could not wait. They did not know that untried region beyond the desert which lay awaiting the rudest cultivation, and which would bring them back their principal and interest.

I remember to have talked with the Khédive one day when he was full of the idea of developing the Sudan, and when I told him I had seen the borders of the desert littered with thousands of bales of cotton that could not be transported because there was no railway, he almost wept from chagrin. Canal transportation a distance of sixty days (including the Nile journey to Cairo), would not supply a respectable mill. Then he broke out, "If they will only leave me alone"—meaning Europe—"I will show them the vitality of my corner of Africa."

With the advent of the joint Board of Control work on the Sudan railway was stopped; and until it is resumed and complete connection established with that fertile empire, little hope can come to the holders of the Egyptian securities that they will ever be paid.

As the world knows, the weak reign of Tewfik Pasha has produced nothing but anarchy, and his miserable finance as a ruler has made Arabi the brief possibility he has become.

With the close of the ably-planned military operations of Sir Garnet Wolseley—and that moment is rapidly approaching—will arise the question of the future of the whole Eastern portion of the continent to the equator. I believe now, as I believed while traveling leisurely among all classes of the people, that with wholesome measures like the following (and they would not be opposed by the natives if they were treated in a humane manner), this portion of the world would not only cease to be a disturbing element in international politics, but would in a few years enjoy a prosperity equal to the palmier days of India:

1. The completion of the Sudan Railway.
2. The extermination of the slave-trade.
3. Instruction beyond the pages of the Koran.
4. Detached governments in each province, with Cairo as the seat of central authority.
5. The cessation of unjustifiable European interference.

If such measures could be accomplished, and they are not visionary, it would be a happy event for Egypt, Africa and mankind.

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Dr. Caemmerer, 247 Baltic Street, Brooklyn—acute and chronic rheumatic gout, 6 years.

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Mr. Nevin, 451 Third Avenue, Brooklyn—chronic rheumatism, 4 years.

Mr. Mayland, 259 Bainbridge Street, Brooklyn—acute inflammatory and chronic rheumatism, and very bad chronic dyspepsia.

Mrs. Pilkington, 211 Twenty-sixth Street, Brooklyn—acute and chronic rheumatism for years; had tried everything.

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